SPECIAL LEAP YEAR ISSUE

MAD

IND

Our Price 25¢ CHEAP

No. 53

March '60

If You're A Midget . . .

FLEISCHMAN'S

makes you a BIG guy!

90 PROOF is why!

BET ALL ALONG YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS A PICTURE OF A REGULAR-SIZE GUY CARRYING AN OVER-SIZE BOTTLE OF BOOZE, TOO!

NUMBER 53 MARCH 1960

MAD

"Adolescence is that period in a child's life when his parents become most difficult!"
Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein
ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **IDEAS:** Jerry De Fuccio
PRODUCTION: Leonard Brenner **LAW SUITS:** Martin Scheiman, Esq.
SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:
The Usual Gang of Idiots

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**Consecutive Places Through The Magazine

MAD — March 1960, Volume 1, Number 53, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, $2.50. Entire contents copyright 1959 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

HIGHWAY SAFETY 10

Here are some **MAD** tips on Highway Safety, the best one being: if other readers follow them, you should stay off the road.

NEW MOVIE MONSTERS 12

MAD offers horror movie producers some new ideas for monsters, taken from ads . . . which are horrors any way you look at them.

IF TEENS RAN THE COUNTRY . . 15

MAD wonders how it'd be if teens ran the country instead of adults. One thing we're sure of: it couldn't be much worse!

THE RIFLEMAN 19

Here's a TV western with a little more depth than the rest, mainly because a rifle has a little more penetration than a .45.

CHANGING HISTORY FOR TV . . 26

Avoiding plugs for competitive products can be carried too far, according to **MAD**, which often carries things too far!

AN ALFRED HATCHPLOT MOVIE . 33

While movie-goers try to distinguish suspense from confusion, this director makes mountains of money out of molehills of plots.

SKIING 40

Here's an article about skiing that should fracture you, which is what happens to most of the idiots who indulge in it.

ILLUMINATED SIGNS 44

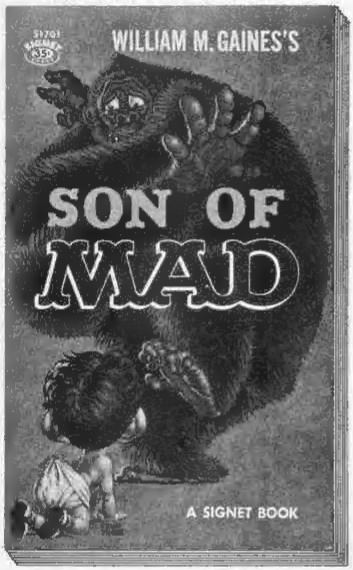
An article with a light touch which shows how an attractive electric sign becomes even more attractive when parts burn out!

FOR *St. Valentine's Day*

WHEN SWEET NOTHINGS MEAN A LOT

TRY

THE LATEST MAD POCKET-SIZE BOOK



Yes, if you want to make an impression on the one you love, try a gift of sweet nothings like this 7th collection of humor, satire and garbage from past issues of **MAD**. And if that doesn't work, hand her the rest of the line: "The **MAD** Reader," "**MAD** Strikes Back!", "Inside **MAD**," "Utterly **MAD**," "The Brothers **MAD**," and "The Bedside **MAD**." Then she'll have plenty of **nothings!**

ON SALE NOW
AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
OR YOURS BY MAIL FOR 40¢

The Complete Collection . . . for $2.25

MAD POCKET DEPARTMENT
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, NEW YORK

☐ I enclose 40c for SON OF MAD

☐ I enclose $2.25 for THE COMPLETE COLLECTION

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

Hi! My name is Marginal Marvin! Every once in a while, they give me a chance to say something out here in the magazine's margins!

LATIN MADNESS

Mirable dictu, interpretatio grammatica tuarum, "Quid, me vexari?", accurata est. Vos gratulor.

Michael Culling
San Antonio, Texas

E Pluribus Unum.—Ed.

GREAT MOMENTS IN MEDICINE

We at Parke, Davis enjoyed your satire of our "Great Moments in Medicine" which you labeled "Presenting the Bill." If reprints of this ad are available, would you please send ten copies for our Clinical Investigation Department.

George H. Stevens, M.D.
Parke, Davis & Co.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Not on your life! We know the medical term for "Lawyers" when we see it!—Ed.

OVERSEAS FANS

I've been studying in Florence, Italy for the past five weeks, and the most enjoyable part of my stay was discovering the latest issue of MAD at a local stand. The price here is 250 lira (cheap). I showed the magazine to an Italian friend of mine, and he thought it was the best American magazine he had ever seen. Which is strange because he doesn't understand one word of English!

Joel Kellmanson
Florence, Italy

What's so strange about that? Our *pictures* are in Italian!—Ed.

THE SPANIEL

No Cocker Spaniel

In the "Treasury of Unknown Poetry," you have a poem about a cocker spaniel that talks, and you include a picture of a dog supposedly a cocker spaniel. Any clod in his right mind knows that dog's no cocker spaniel!

Richard Lockwood
Wilbraham, Mass.

Any clod in his right mind knows that dogs can't talk, no matter what they look like! —Ed.

GRANDSTAND FOOTBALL

First, you point out that the Fullback is a sixty-minute man who usually manages to play out the full game before landing flat on his *back* . . . and then you show him lying flat on his *stomach*. How come?

Sam Schulman
Chicago, Ill.

Flat On His Back?

You describe the Fullback as landing "flat on his back," yet in the picture, he's shown lying on his stomach. What gives? Did artist Woodbridge draw this panel standing on his head?

Mike Decklinger
Millburn, N. J.

You said it—I didn't!—Ed.

It is my duty to inform you that you erred in reporting that Jasper Van Flick '47 was barred from football games for raising his voice. This in itself was not objectionable, but rather that he pronounced the letter "r" clearly and distinctly as he cheered "Fight fiercely, Harvard!"

William S. Moorhead
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Upon reading your enlightening article on "Grandstand Football," we, the undersigned, have come to the conclusion that it's safer on the field!

Monty Stickles
Bill "Red" Mack
Myron Pottios
Notre Dame University
Notre Dame, Ind.

IF YOUR LATEST FLAME IS TOO MUCH FOR YOU GIVE HER A SUBSCRIPTION TO MAD

. . . AND SHE'LL BE BURNT UP OVER IT!

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, NEW YORK

I enclose $2.00. Please send me the next nine issues of MAD to my all-consuming passion. I want to put out the fire! And don't think I'm not wise to you guys! I know I'll probably have to subscribe myself, since I'll be carrying the torch!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZONE _____

NOTE: Allow 8 weeks for subscription to be processed

Around this place, they call me MAD's "Union Demand!" That's because I'm a *fringe benefit!*

MAD STAMP

The attached United States Postage Stamp was brought to my attention by my wife, who, as I did, immediately recognized Alfred's girl friend. Congratulations on another first!

Laurence C. Windsor, Jr.
Science Digest
New York City

Alfred's Girl Friend?

Is it my imagination, or does the girl on the enclosed stamp really bear a striking resemblance to Moxie Whatever-You-Call-Her?

Bill Hersey
Princeton University
Princeton, N. J.

Moxie Whatever-You-Call-Her

ADVICE DEPARTMENT

I recently purchased a copy of "Son of MAD," but I have mislaid it. Can you tell me where I can find it?

Ray Tackett
Wayne, Mich.

You'll find it in the last place you look!—Ed.

While I was reading the latest issue of MAD, my mother walked in, took it away from me, read through it once, doubled over with laughter, and then threw it away. Can you explain this?

Louise Ann Simon
Cincinnati, Ohio

Obviously, she was finished with it!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD Dept. 53, Room 706, 225 Lafayette Street New York 12, New York

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF MAD, published monthly except February, May, August and November at New York, N.Y. for Oct. 1, 1959.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette Street, New York City 12; Editor, Albert B. Feldstein, 225 Lafayette Street, New York City 12; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, None.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given). E.C. Publications, Inc., 225 Lafayette Street, New York City 12; William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette Street, New York City 12; Jessie K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette Street, New York City 12; Virginia E. MacAdie, 225 Lafayette Street, New York City 12.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and security in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

William M. Gaines
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of August, 1959.
Ettore De Stefano Notary Public State of New York No. 24-6001500 (My commission expires March 30, 1960)

A ST. VALENTINE'S DAY HEARTBREAKER!

That's right, friends! You'll be broken-hearted on St. Valentine's Day when you discover how you've wasted good money on a full-color reproduction of our "What—Me Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman! But since it doubles as a comic or tragic Valentine, you can get rid of it profitably! Send 25c to: Dept. What—Color, c/o MAD, 225 Lafayette St. New York 12, N. Y.

If You're Worried About Being Caught This Leap Year...

GO INTO SECLUSION WITH MAD FOR KEEPS AND MAD FOREVER

MAD FOR KEEPS

MAD FOREVER

These hard-bound de-luxe anthologies contain the best material (each different) from past issues of **MAD** Magazine. You get 128 pages of riotous material, many in vivid color, and a forward by Ernie Kovacs in **MAD FOR KEEPS.** You get 136 pages of hilarious satire, also many in vivid color, with an introduction by Steve Allen in **MAD FOREVER.** Yes, these two anthologies are just the thing for going into seclusion with, if you're worried about being **caught** this Leap Year! Because when you've finished with them, you'll wish you **had been!**

MAD ANTHOLOGY DEPARTMENT
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N. Y.

I want to go into seclusion with your anthologies for a while, and then spend the rest of Leap Year running away from girls. In either case, I figure I'll end up being made a fool of! So please rush:

☐ **MAD FOR KEEPS** ☐ **MAD FOREVER**

(Indicate number of copies of each)
I enclose $2.95 per copy ordered.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **ZONE** _____

STATE _____

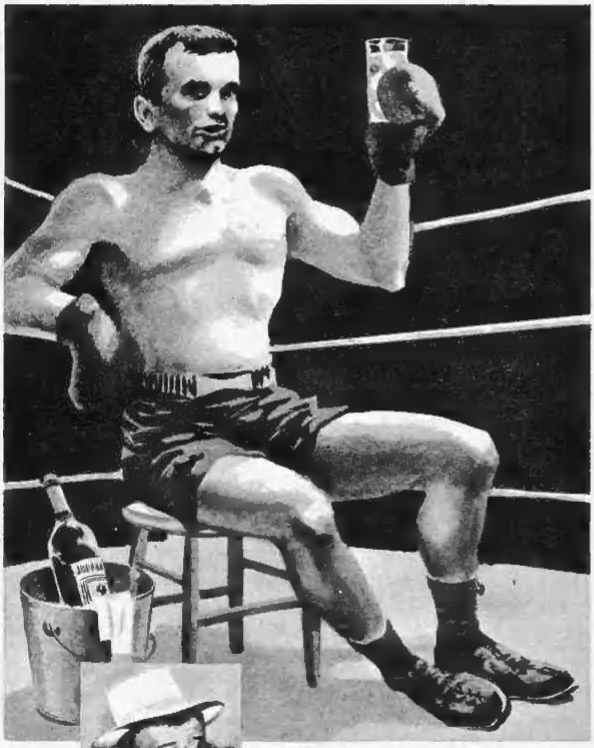
The best way to read me is: Save me till last, and then read me all at one time. I figure I can't be much worse than the *rest* of the junk in this magazine!

WHAT'S IN A NAME BRAND DEPT.

Whenever somebody gets famous, they always cash in on that fame through a gimmick known as "Merchandising". This means they come out with products bearing their name, things like "Shirley Temple Dolls," "Mickey Mouse Watches," and "MAD T SHIRTS" . . . you know, crummy junk like that! What a "Shirley Temple Doll" has to do with Shirley Tem-

Personalized

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



SPORTSMAN FLOYD PATTERSON SAYS: "I once had a slug of JOHANNSON'S and it changed my entire way of life!"

The Whiskey with the Right Punch!

JOHANNSON'S

Reserve

smooth but powerful!

That describes the impact of Johannson's Reserve! Whether you take it straight or prefer it mixed, you'll feel its potent strength. Try a hooker today! It'll sneak up on you and knock you flat on your ear!

JOHANNSON'S RESERVE

A Champion Blend

100 Proof—Imported from Sweden by Rosensohn & Co., N. Y. C.

This issue, I'd like to talk about the rebellion against Large American Cars! Mainly the recent craze for SMALL FOREIGN CARS!

ple . . . what a "Mickey Mouse Watch" has to do with Mickey Mouse . . . what a "MAD T SHIRT" has to do with MAD we still can't figure out! We think that celebrities ought to at least "merchandise" products that have something to do with the elements that made them famous! Just to show you what we mean, here are some examples of . . .

Merchandising

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

YOU CAN'T BEAT A

HOFFA

RACKET

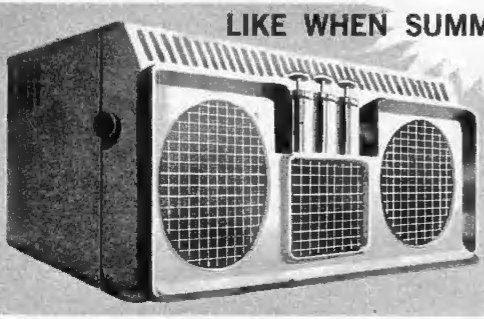
Ask anyone who knows (like Ace Server Robert Kennedy), and he'll tell you that a **Hoffa Racket** is practically indestructible. Designed by experienced pros, **Hoffa Rackets** have been tested at the top courts in the country. A **Hoffa Racket** is long-lasting because it takes plenty of guts to assemble. So, get into the game with a **Hoffa Racket** of your own. You'll knock 'em dead! Just make sure that you know the score!

HOFFA

THE LEADING NAME IN RACKETS

"Every **Hoffa Racket** has been U.S. Government Inspected"

LIKE WHEN SUMMER HEAT'S A DRAG...



remember, cats... a

MILES DAVIS

AIR CONDITIONER

BLOWS COOL!

FEEL STRONG FAST

with

J. EDGAR HOOVER

TONIC

"There's no health improver ... like J. Edgar Hoover"

Next time that you feel weak, run-down, and miserable, try J. EDGAR HOOVER TONIC. Special agents go to work in seconds, cleaning out your system and getting rid of all those harmful foreign elements that may have infiltrated. And you'll be pleased with what it does to your red cells!

J. EDGAR HOOVER TONIC

Contains the secret ingredient:

G-MEN-O-MINE

"Every case guaranteed!"

America's favorite for over 25 years

LOMBARDO

Unadulterated

CORN

Here's Corn to please every member of your family. You need no special taste to enjoy the famous "Lombardo" flavor. LOMBARDO CORN has been dished out to millions for years . . . and its quality has never changed. A small portion goes a long, long way. But no matter *how* you serve it, it's still the same old unadulterated Corn!

LOMBARDO

"THE SWEETEST CORN THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN!"

Another Product of MUSICAL FOODS, INC. Makers of

SAMMY KAYE CREAMED MUSH WAYNE KING REFINED SYRUP

AND

LAWRENCE WELK EFFERVESCENT SACCHARINE

Women are envious . . . Men are drooling

NEARLY EVERYBODY WANTS THE

Mansfield thirty 8

THE AUTOMOBILE THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS TALKING ABOUT

On the road . . . or in town . . . people look twice when they see the MANSFIELD Thirty-8. They're impressed by the trim design of its well-constructed exterior. They like the modern shape, the flowing lines, the luxurious upholstery. They can see at a glance that it's definitely built for comfort, and that its chassis is great on curves. Write for free illustrated brochure.

The* MANSFIELD *Thirty 8

World Franchise Owned by
HARGITAY MOTORS, INC.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

RAYBURN

THE BEST SPEAKER FOR YOUR HOUSE

That's right, Hi-Fi fans! When your speaker is a RAYBURN, you're getting the benefit of 47 years of experience. Here is a speaker with proven fidelity, efficiency and output. A RAYBURN has the kind of far-reaching power that brings out the fullest response!

WHY NOT LET ONE OF OUR REPRESENTATIVES CALL ON YOU?
Convenient Two-Year Terms Can Be Arranged!

Rayburn Speakers are recommended for parties, conventions, and other gatherings. They are also effective in small smoke-filled rooms. Many experts have found that **Rayburn Speakers** perform well with **Lyndon Johnson** Amplifiers . . .

RAYBURN SPEAKERS

MANUFACTURED IN BONHAM, TEXAS
EXECUTIVE OFFICES: WASHINGTON, D.C.

YOU'LL MAKE A HIT WITH

NELLIE FOX

ALL-WOOL WHITE SOCKS

With The Exclusive Diamond Pattern

Statistics show that **Nellie Fox White Socks** are durable, classy, and hold up year after year. Seen in the best of clubs, they are worn by men in important positions. You won't make an error buying **Nellie Fox White Socks** this season. Each pair is knitted with the patented "Second Baste," the exclusive two-layer stitching that gives to **Nellie Fox White Socks** their double play depth.

WEAR NELLIE FOX WHITE SOCKS

at home, or on the road, they're a steal at 79¢ a pair!

If you don't think we're stretching the point in this ad, you might also try **Maizene Red Socks, Colavite Indian Blankets,** and **Cerv Athletic Shorts.** They're all in the same league!

Cronin Mills Offices: Chicago, Cleveland, New York, Detroit, Baltimore, Kansas City, Washington

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ADLAI

Nylons

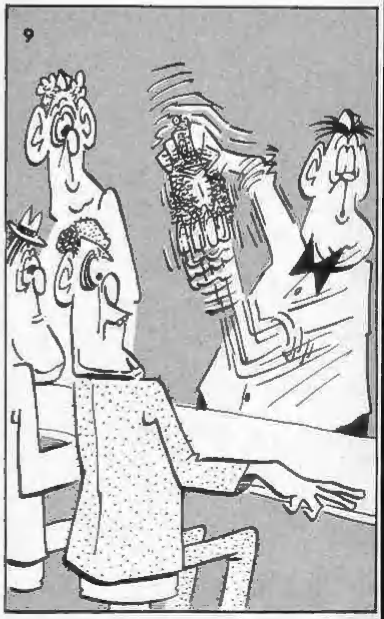
WILL NOT RUN!*

* Subject to change without notice!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

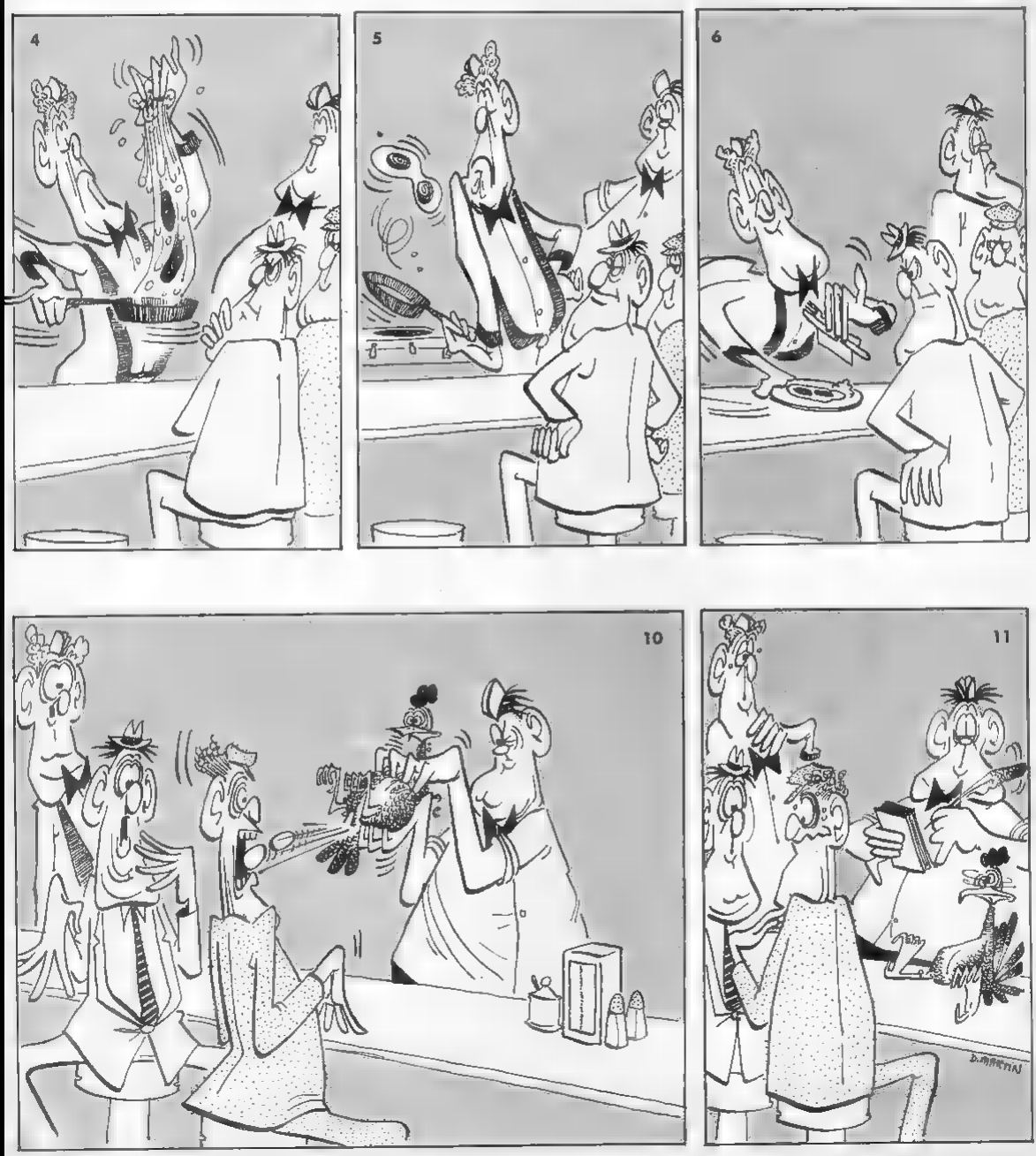
Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist, who used to be a short order cook (he would cook a pair of shorts if anybody ordered them), now tells about how he served:

BREAKFAST



I see by the newspaper and magazine ads that now Detroit is going in for SMALL CARS!

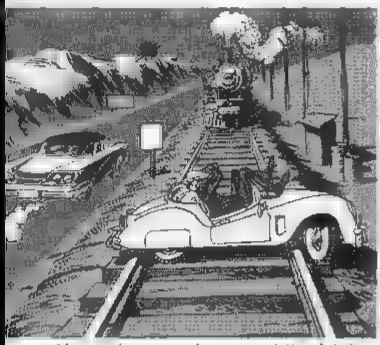
AT LIGGETT'S



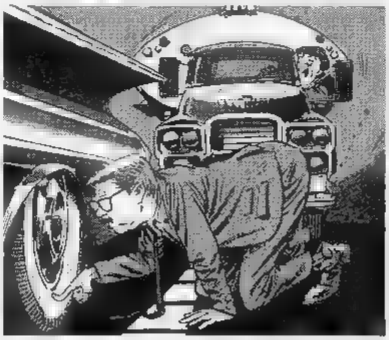
Since this is the time of year when the highway accident rate normally goes up...and since we figure you're more likely to continue to buy MAD if you stay alive, we now present...

MAD'S TIPS ON HIGHW

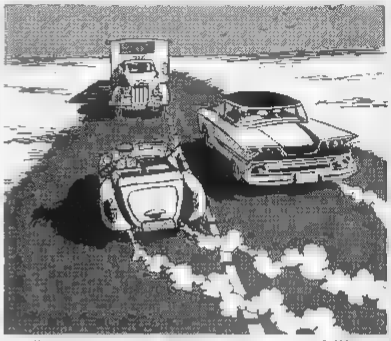
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



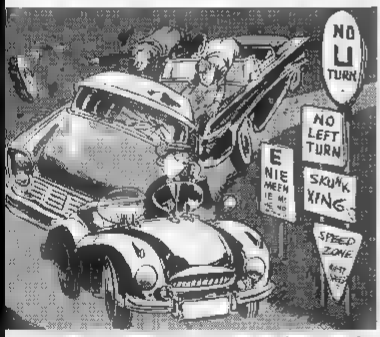
If you become drowsy while driving, pull over to side of road for a nap.



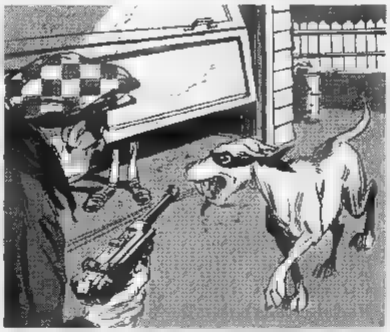
Be sure to inspect your tires every 1000 miles for damage or tread wear.



Do not attempt to pass cars on hills or curves where vision is obstructed.



Highway signs were placed there for your protection. Read and obey them!



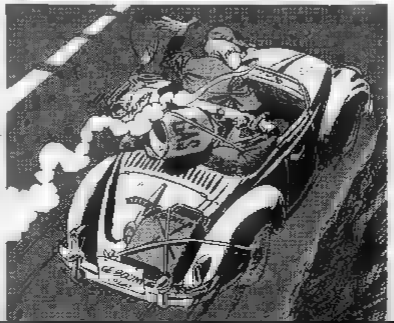
Monoxide gas is deadly. Always open garage doors before starting engine.

Slow-moving traffic should keep to the extreme right lanes of highways!

If you must drive at night, make it a practice to stop every 100 miles for a few minutes of diversion ■ prevent monotony and its resultant drowsiness.

Running out of gas on a turnpike or freeway can be dangerous! Be sure you have an adequate supply of fuel when entering a "limited access" highway!

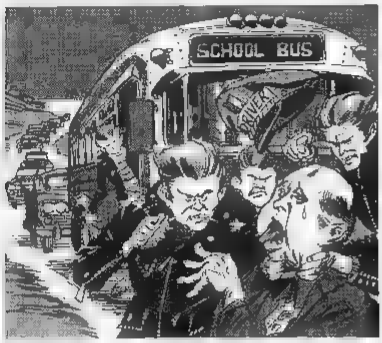
Driving on poorly marked roads can be dangerous. Always stop and make local inquiry about road conditions before attempting ■ leave the main highway.



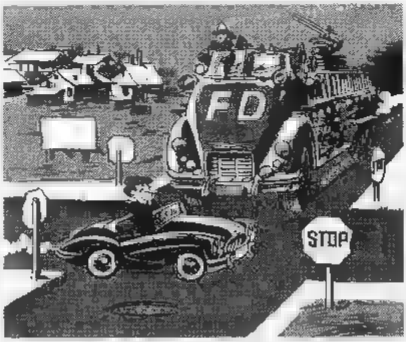
But there seems to be a difference of opinion among the manufacturers about the location of the engine!

AY SAFETY

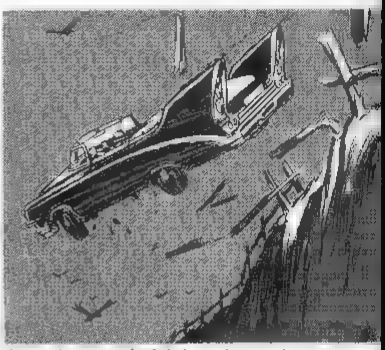
WRITER: TOM KOCH



Never pass a school bus when it has stopped to load or unload children.



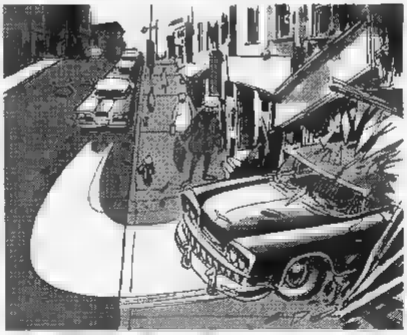
At all 4-way stops, the motorist to the right always has the right-of-way.



For high-speed driving, large, heavy cars are more roadworthy, hence safer.

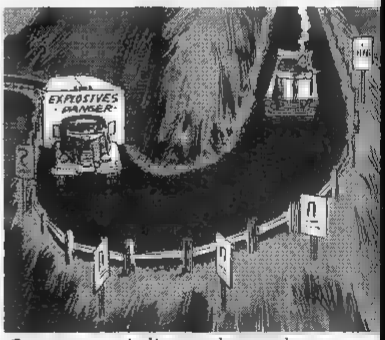
When road conditions become hazardous from ice, sleet, or snow, always stop immediately and install tire chains.

Most accidents occur at night. If you take a long trip, plan to drive during hours when sunlight is adequate.



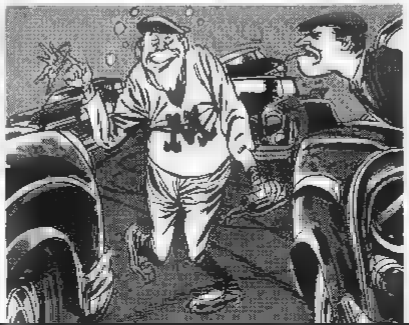
Always crimp front wheels against the curb when parking on a hill as an added precaution against brake failure.

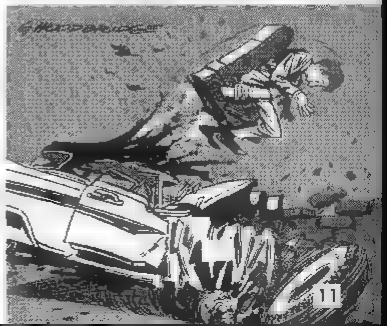
Drinking and driving do not mix! If you must drink, play safe. Leave your car parked where it is, and walk home!



On narrow, winding roads, sound your horn at each blind curve in order to warn oncoming cars of your approach.

Seat belts can prevent serious injury in case of an accident. Install them NOW! It's worth your peace of mind!



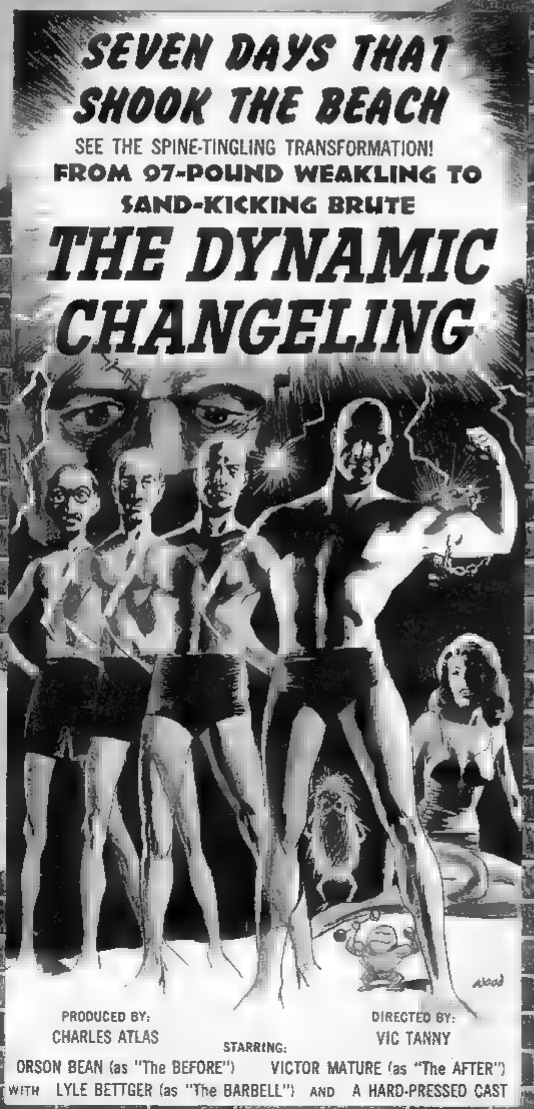


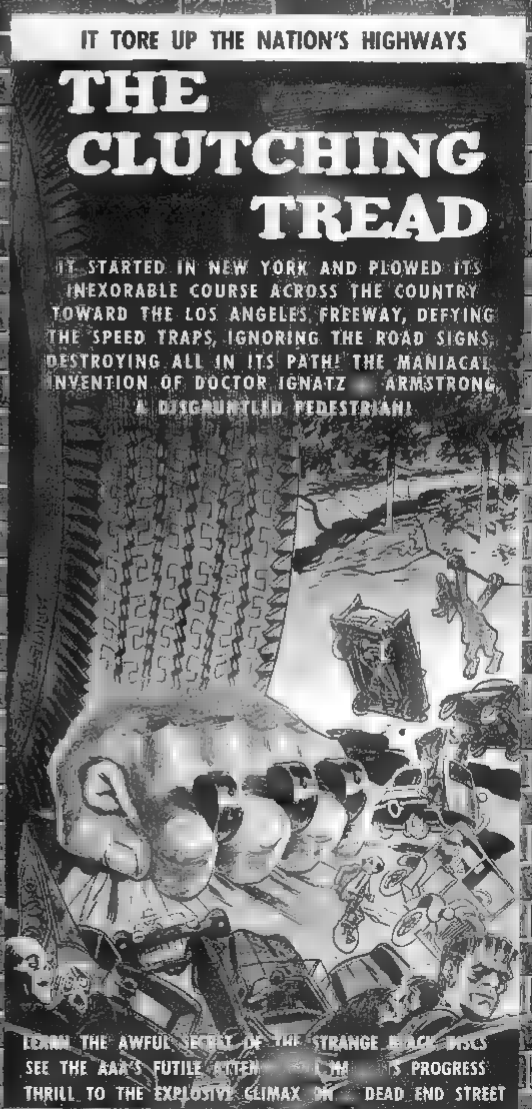
IT CAME FROM OUTTA THE AD SPACE DEPT.

NEW from

Have you noticed the rash of "Horror" movies Hollywood is turning out lately? No, we're not talking about "Technicolor-Musical" Horror movies! We're talking about "B-Picture" Horror movies with monsters in them . . . monsters like "The Fly," "The Blob" and "The Creature From The Black Lagoon!" Well anyway, these Horror movies are pretty popular. And as a result, Hollywood is turning out one after another. Which is leading to a big problem: namely, the producers of these movies are running short of new ideas for monsters! So here is MAD's answer: all Hollywood has to do is take a good look at the work Madison Avenue is doing along the same lines, and their problems are solved. Then, before long, we'll all be seeing movie posters like these . . . advertising . . .

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: E. NELSON BRIDWELL





One manufacturer boasts that his engine is in the *front* . . . "where it belongs!"

MOVIE MONSTERS MADISON AVENUE

500 FEET OF SLITHERING HEXACHLOROPHINE!

The Striped Monster

From The Toothpaste Tube

See! THE HUMAN RACE TERRORIZED BY BLOOD-CURDLING DECAY!

See! MANKIND'S CLOSE BRUSH WITHIN ITS FOAMING JAWS

See! HORROR AFTER HORROR UNTIL THE FINAL DISSOLVE!

IF HE RELEASED, IT COULD NEVER BE RETURNED FROM WHENCE IT CAME!

MEN GASPED! WOMEN SCREAMED! CHILDREN WONDERED!

IT WAS THE GREATEST HORROR OF ALL TIME!

THE INCREDIBLE LIVING BRA

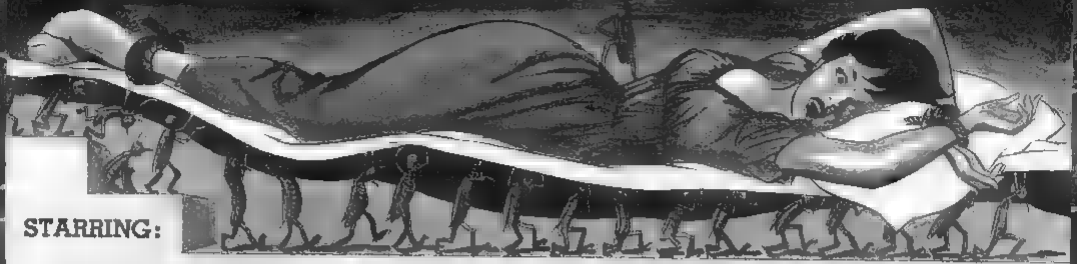
STARRING:
Selma Maidenform
Herman Questionmark
Penelope Playtex
And a firm supporting cast

"Never lets down till the final scene!"—The News
"A breathtaking and upliftting experience!"—The Mirror
"Tense . . . taut . . . gripping excitement!"—The Times

YOU'LL WAKE UP SCREAMING . . . FROM . . .

"THE CREATURES IN THE MATTRESS"

WHAT HIDEOUS MISSION WAS THIS ARMY OF TINY MONSTERS SENT TO CARRY OUT?



STARRING:

SPRING BYINGTON *FIDEL CASTRO* *JEAN SIMMONS* *AND A TIRED CAST*

"I tossed and turned in my seat!"—Kravitch, STAR "We're bedding on this one!"—GAMBLER'S GAZETTE

"Could be a real sleeper!"—EVENING POST "Good night!"—DAILY POOP

IT WAS DRUNK WITH POWER!

THE TERROR FROM THE EARTH'S CORE

WHY DID ITS UNQUENCHABLE THIRST DRIVE IT TO THE SURFACE?
WHY DID IT COME TO DRAIN THE EARTH OF ITS LIQUID RESERVES?
WHY DID IT CLAIM THE FIFTH WHEN IT GOT TO WASHINGTON, D.C.?
WHY WOULD YOU EVER CONSIDER PAYING TO SEE THIS AWFUL BOMB?

See the awful day TERROR stalked the earth!

THE INVASION OF THE GREEN GIANT

AND NOTHING COULD STOP IT . . .
NOT EVEN WEED KILLER!

"Corny!"—**The Herald Tribune**

"They should have kept it in the can!"—**The Journal American**

"Shrivelled on Hollywood & Vine!"—**The Chronicle**

"A lot of crop!"—**Arkansas Gazette**

To demonstrate that the engine belongs in the front, this clod makes use of an arrow!

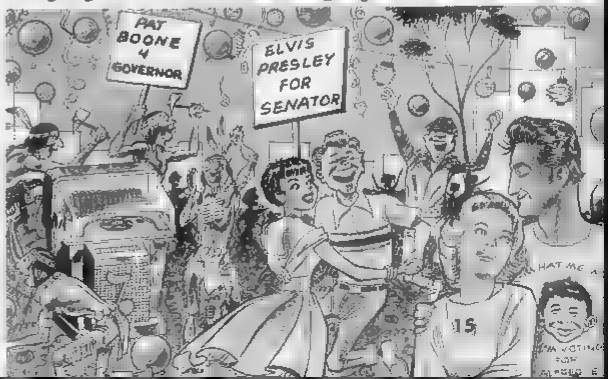
Once upon a time, children were seen and not heard. Then the adults started messing up the world, and suddenly young people were very much heard from. Only, they voiced their objections in strange ways. They adopted strange dress, strange talk, strange music, a strange magazine (choke!) . . . anything that showed their utter disdain for the world the adults had made for them. Most adults ignored them, and classified them as "Teenagers." But some big brains noted that there was a vast untapped market among "Teenagers." Today, more and more manufacturers and entertainers are gearing their products for the teenage market. Which means that, more and more, teenagers are taking over our way of life. So here's an article which shows . . .

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF TEENAGERS RAN THE COUNTRY

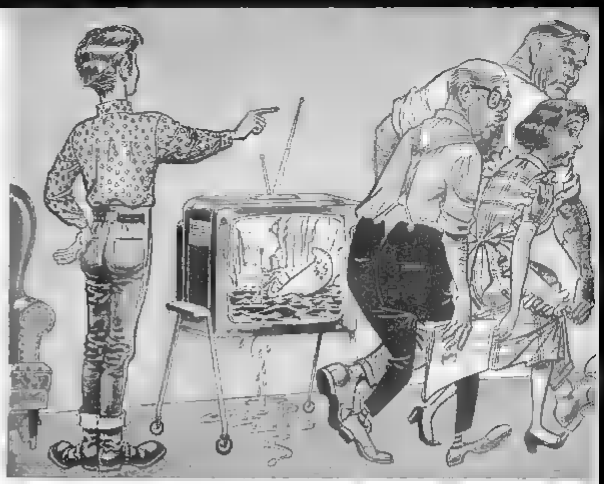
Parents would be given reasonable allowances (75 cents a week) with occasional privileges like using the family car to go out . . . providing they've finished their housework.

All taxes would be eliminated. Instead, every teenager in the country would become a member of "The U.S.A. Club"... and they would all be required to pay dues of 50¢ a week.

Elections would still be run under the "Two Party System" . . . one going on in the East . . . and one going on in the West.



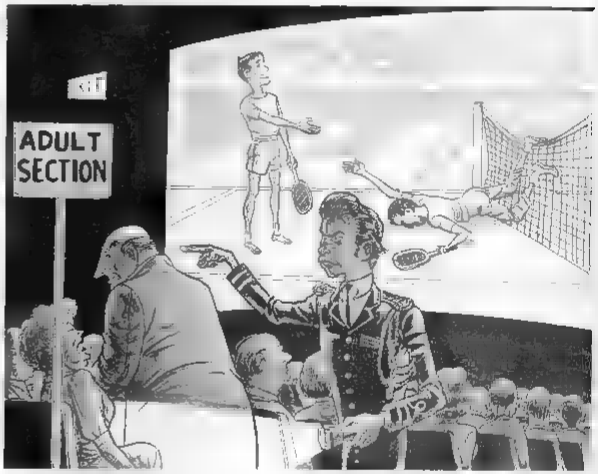
Old Age Insurance and Social Security would start at 20.



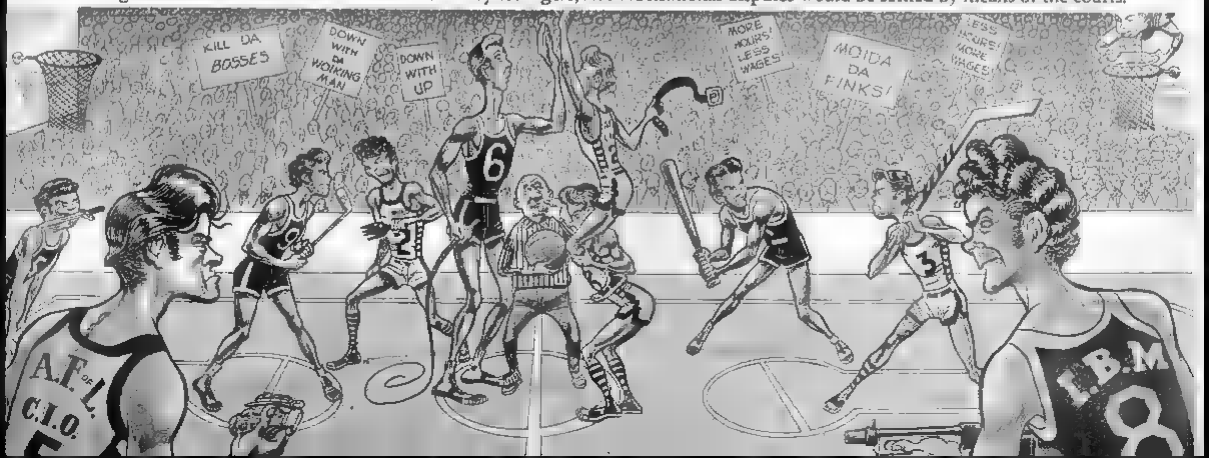
All adults over 19 would have to be in bed by 10 o'clock.

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

Movies would still have separate prices for children and adults . . . the adults getting in at half-price. Of course an adult would have to be accompanied by a teenager . . . or else he would have to sit in a special "Adults' Section."



Big Business and Labor Unions would be run by teenagers, and arbitrational disputes would be settled by means of the courts.



For safety sake, an adult would not be allowed to drive an automobile unless accompanied by a licensed teenage driver.

Leonard Bernstein, Jr., with the assistance of a swinging combo, would explain Rock 'n Roll music to adults over TV.

Afternoon TV would feature chaotic "Adult Dance Parties."

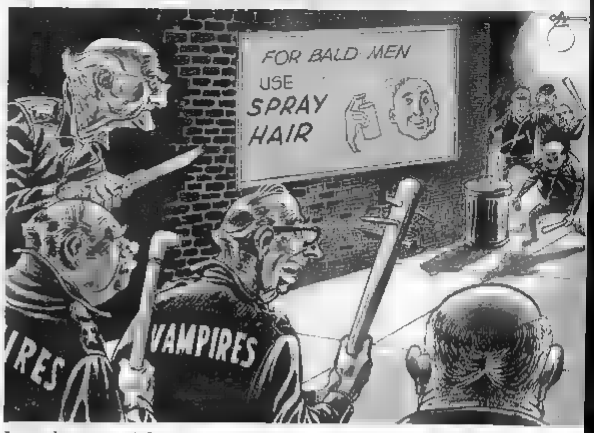
Evening TV would become glutted with "Teenage Westerns."

A constant state of tension would exist as teenage leaders of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. carried on a "Cold Rumble."

The teenage President of the U.S. would be criticized by opponents for playing softball when he should be working.

IN TIME, THE TEENAGERS MESSING UP THE WORLD WILL BE FACED WITH A SERIOUS PROBLEM — "ADULT DELINQUENCY"!

Adults would begin to rebel against their youngsters, staying out till all hours, hanging around corners, wearing black leather jackets, reading comic books, smoking and drinking.



In order to satisfy their yearning to "belong," they would form "Adult Gangs," which would lead to their getting into scraps with police and adult gangs from other neighborhoods.

And there would be shocking news stories of how adults went wild and rioted during performances of symphony orchestras.

Then some big brains will note that there is a vast untapped market among "Adults," and more and more manufacturers and entertainers will gear their products for this market.

Which means that, more and more, "Adults will be taking over the "Teenage" way of life. And finally, some strange magazine will print a stupid article like the one below —

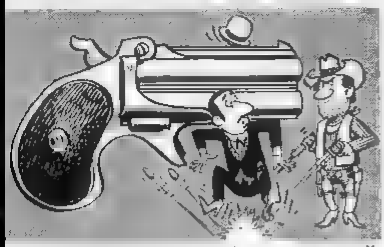
RED, WHITE, AND BLUE VEINS DEPT.

Once upon a time, adults were seen and not heard. The teenagers started messing up the world, and suddenly old people were very much heard from. Only they voiced their objections in strange ways. They adopted strange dress, strange talk, strange music, a strange magazine (choke!) . . . anything that showed their utter disdain for the world the teenagers had made for them. Most teenagers ignored them, and classified them as "Ty-Agers." But some big brains noted that there was a vast untapped market among "Ty-Agers." Today, more and more manufacturers and entertainers are gearing their products for the ty-age market. Which means that, more and more, ty-agers are taking over our way of life. So here's an article which shows . . .

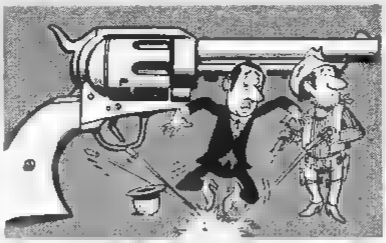
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE ADULTS RAN THE COUNTRY

BREECH OF PREMISE DEPT.

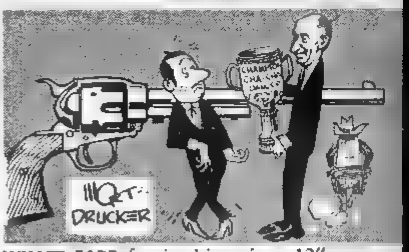
He claims the weight of the arrowhead is what drives the shaft home true to its mark!



DOC HOLIDAY sometimes uses a small Derringer which he hides in his boot!



MARSHAL MATT DILLON prefers the standard-size single-action Colt .45!

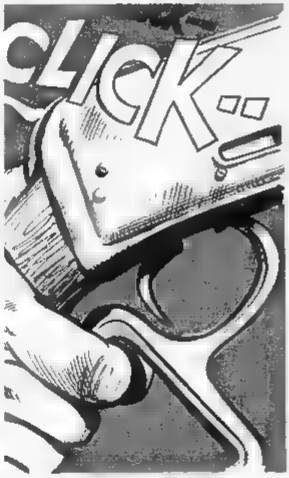


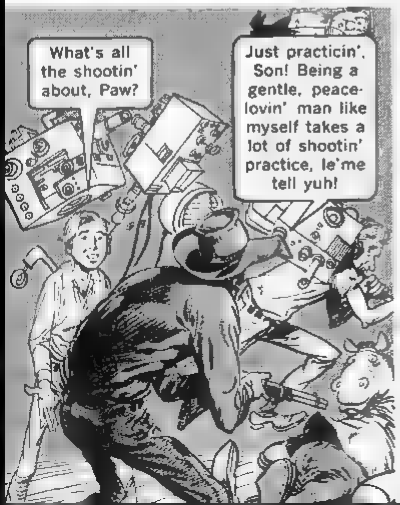
WYATT EARP fancies his unique 12" giant, the famous "Buntline Special!"

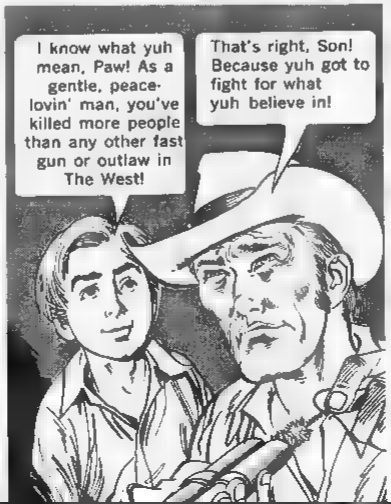
BUT IF IT'S THE RIDICULOUS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR WHEN IT COMES TO TV WESTERN WEAPONS, THE CHARACTER THAT'S GOT THEM ALL BEAT IS THE IDIOT WHO USES . . .

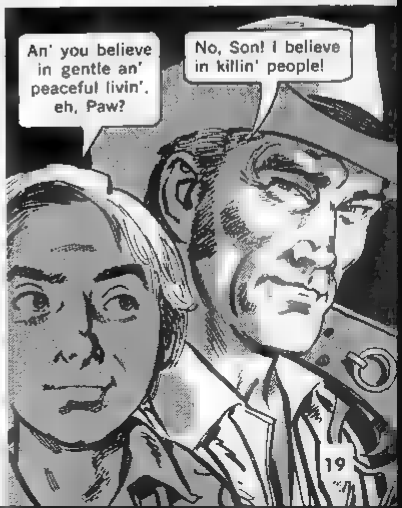
THE RIFLE MAN!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER









How come yuh use a rifle instead of a pistol, Paw?

There's more room for notches, Son!

Paw, will yuh teach me t'shoot . . . so's i can grow up to be gentle an' peace-lovin' too!

Why, shore, Son! The first thing yuh need is a good stance! Place yer feet firmly apart, and lean in to that plate!

The plate being the one you're gonna shot at, eh, Paw?

No, stupid! The plate being the one you're gonna bat at!

Aw, Paw . . .

Grip the wood firmly near the bottom for extra power . . . keep your eyes on the pitcher . . . follow his windup . . . and . . .

Aw, Paw . . . I know you once played with the Dodgers. But that was back East a long time ago! We're out West now!

So are the Dodgers, Son! And with the right training, you can make the team! Yuh think I want yuh to end up like me? A gentle, peace-lovin' nobody!? Stick to baseball, Son! That's where the big money is!

Aw, Paw! Let's forget about baseball for a change! Let's talk about somethin' else! Like my Maw! How come you never mention anything about my Maw? Say Paw, tell me about my Maw, Paw! Haw?

Shore! But the memory of yore Maw is painful to me, Son! So let's forget about her too! Let's get to the chores aroun' here! Chores like choppin' wood, haulin' water, mendin' fences . . .

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

. . . an' stackin' bodies! Boy, that's the twelfth one this week! Don't yuh think we ought'a drop 'em off in town, Paw? Mainly . . . because the ol' ranch is beginnin' t' smell real powerful!

Reckon you're right, Son! Besides, a trip into town is always good for a couple of them gentle, peace-lovin' gun duels!

Hi, Lucas! Welcome t' town! Who yuh gonna shoot up this trip?

You . . . yuh loud-mouthed troublemaker!

BLAM

Yuh shot 'im because yuh want things t' be gentle an' peaceful, eh, Paw?

Right, Son! Jus' take a look at 'im, lyin' there! Yep! There ain't nothin' as gentle an' peaceful as a dead man!

Hi, Sheriff! What's new?

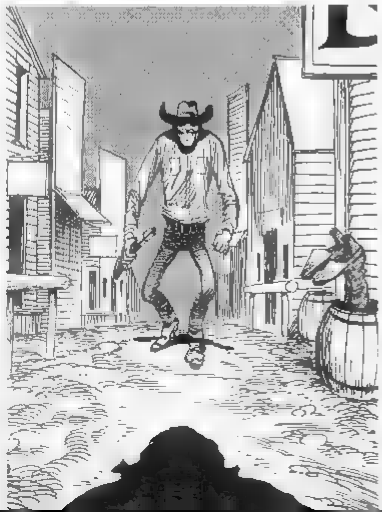
Nothin' much, Lucas! Some gunslinger rode into town this mornin' lookin' for yuh, an' swearin' you were gonna get it! So I reckon there'll be some more killin' aroun' here! That's about all! Looks like another dull day! Think I'll go fishin'!

Gunslinger? Lookin' for me? Wonderful! Nothin' I like better than out-drawin' a pistol-packin' gunslinger with my ol' rifle!

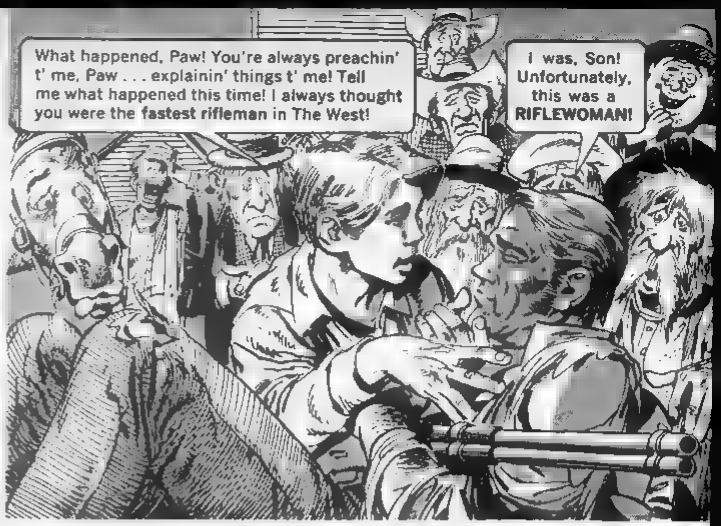
I know, Lucas! Only trouble is; this gunslinger ain't packin' no pistol! Uses a rifle . . . jus' like you do!

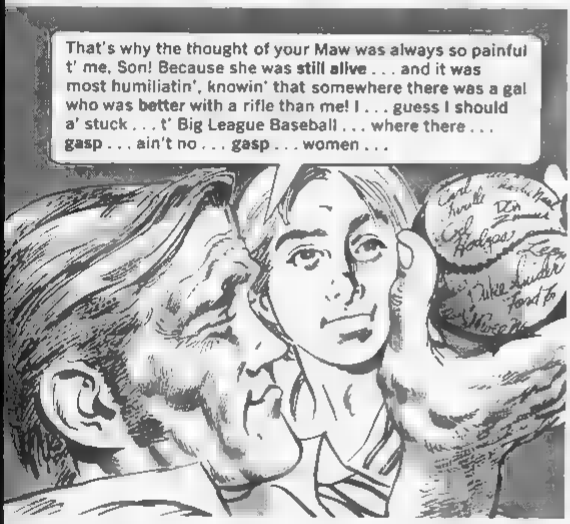
JUST PICK ANY.

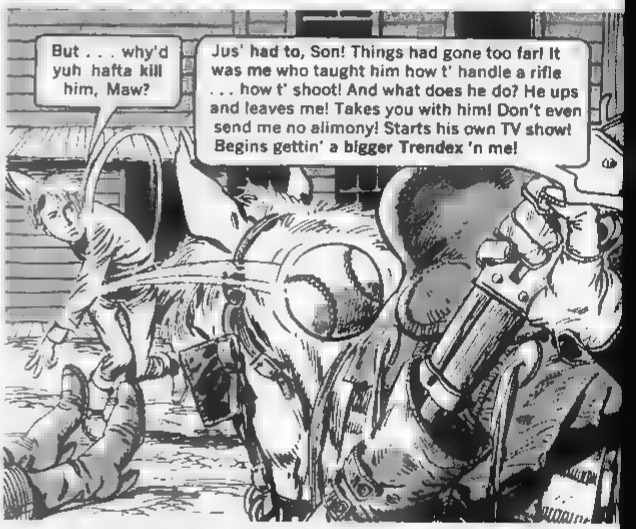
What's that? Another rifleman?! That's even better! Now's my chance t' prove once an' for all that I can draw faster, shoot quicker, an' play first base better'n any fast gun in The West! Clear the streets! I got a terrible peace-lovin' mood comin' on!



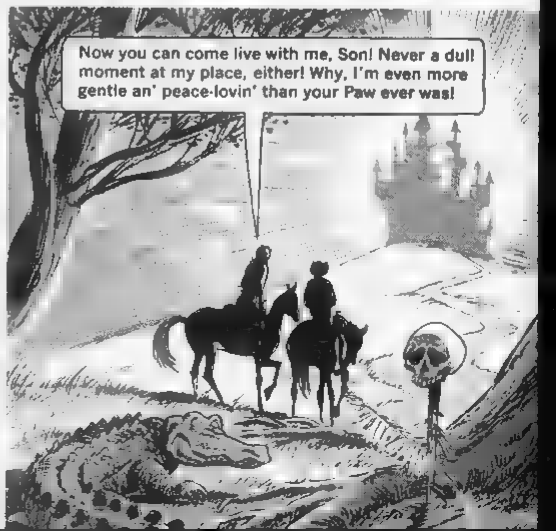
No!
NO!
AAARRRRRGH!
PAW!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!


What happened, Paw! You're always preachin' t' me, Paw . . . explainin' things t' me! Tell me what happened this time! I always thought you were the fastest rifleman in The West!
I was, Son! Unfortunately, this was a RIFLEWOMAN!


That's why the thought of your Maw was always so painful t' me, Son! Because she was still alive . . . and it was most humiliatin', knowin' that somewhere there was a gal who was better with a rifle than me! I . . . guess I should a' stuck . . . t' Big League Baseball . . . where there . . . gasp . . . ain't no . . . gasp . . . women . . .


But . . . why'd yuh hafta kill him, Maw?
Jus' had to, Son! Things had gone too far! It was me who taught him how t' handle a rifle . . . how t' shoot! And what does he do? He ups and leaves me! Takes you with him! Don't even send me no alimony! Starts his own TV show! Begins gettin' a bigger Trendex 'n me!

Bigger Trendex!? You mean . . .
That's right, Son! Your Maw is the best RIFLEWOMAN in The West! I'm ANNIE OAKLEY!


Now you can come live with me, Son! Never a dull moment at my place, either! Why, I'm even more gentle an' peace-lovin' than your Paw ever was!

And he shows how the shaft wobbles and spins end-over-end when the arrowhead is placed in the rear!

Any stranger in this country who reads the wedding and engagement pages in our daily newspapers must be under the impression that: (1) ALL brides and grooms have fancy names, (2) ALL grooms are either members of royalty, doctors, or officers in the armed forces, (3) ALL brides and grooms have attended exclusive, swanky schools, and (4) ALL brides wear fabulous gowns and always carry flowers like orchids and stephanotis (which sounds like a disease to us, and is probably why so many of those brides marry doctors.) Anyway, gang, here we show you a typical . . .

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

SOCIETY PAGE

STEPHANIE DUPREY NAPOLEON VII WED IN GRAND CANYON

Miss Stephanie Duprey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Greystoke Duprey XXIV, of Newport, Westport, Bridgeport and Pitkynne Avenue, was married this afternoon to Napoleon VII. He is the son of Napoleon VI and Josephine VI, the grandson of Napoleon V and Josephine V, and a direct descendant of Napoleon I, all of whom reside in the Shady Rest Home for Weary Minds, Hastings - on - Hudson, N. Y.

The ceremony took place in the Grand Canyon to accommodate the unusually large turnout of guests that included the Turkish Army, the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, the entire population of Norway, and Elsa Maxwell.

Mr. Duprey escorted his daughter, who carried orchids and stephanotis, and wore a long-sleeved gown of ivory silk satin studded with real uranium ore. Mrs. Duprey walked directly behind the bride and wore a Geiger counter.

Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon VII at Grand Canyon Ceremony.

The bride graduated from 27 exclusive schools, flunking out only at Bryn Mawr, where she neglected to wear a middy blouse for Friday assembly.

The bridegroom is President of Standard Oil Wells, Consolidated Diamonds, Imperial Plutonium, and the Arnold Stang Fan Club.

Augustine Snootpelt June Bride of Dr. Maurice Asterbilt

Miss Augustine Snootpelt, daughter of Duke and Dutchess Richard Snootpelt, of Coney Island, was married today to Dr. Maurice Asterbilt, son of two parents who hold such exclusive positions in Society that their names are unlisted.

The bride wore a gown of off-white silk organza with a fitted bodice of re-embroidered Alençon lace. Her fingertip veil of tulle was attached to a wreath of orange blossoms over a field of beige oil well deeds. The bride carried a bouquet of orchids and stephanotis.

After a three year honeymoon at the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the couple will take a five year honeymoon at the Colossus of Rhodes, after which the groom will resume his medical practice in Newport, R. I., where he specializes in diseases of the thumb nail.

Mrs. Maurice Asterbilt, the former Augustine Snootpelt

Elizabeth Ann Sessingfors wed to Major General Francis Nottingham

Gen. and Mrs. F. Nottingham after Military Wedding.

In a palace near the statue of Zeus at Mt. Olympia, Miss Elizabeth Ann Sessingfors, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sessingfors, members of the New York Stock Exchange, and owners of the Caspian Sea and the Rocky Mountains, became the bride of Maj. General Francis Nottingham, owner of the 17th Infantry Division.

Mrs. Sessingfors escorted his daughter, who wore a gown of white satin made with a fitted bodice with a scooped neckline and a bouffant skirt terminating in a chapel train. The wedding was delayed for three weeks, due to the late arrival of the stephanotis which came by camel train from Alexandria.

After a brief honeymoon at the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the groom, an alumnus of Harvard, Princeton, Eton, Cambridge, Oxford, and Boody Jr. High School, is planning to sell his infantry division and retire.

The groom is a distant descendant of Adam.

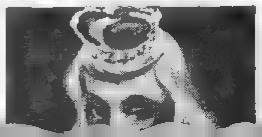
Princess Daphne of Bavaria the former Daphne Aldershot

Announce Daphne Aldershot-Prince of Bavaria Nuptials

Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot Aldershot III, of 685 Park Avenue, announce the coming nuptials of their daughter, Daphne, to H. R. H. Prince Izaakian Metternich Dupois y el de Vosmik, son of King and Mrs. Mernio Metternich Dupois y el de Vosmik, of Gemütlich, Bavaria.

The bride-to-be attended Vassar, Wellesley, Finch, the Sorbonne, Juilliard, Seesee-Enwye, and took sewing lessons in the Taj Mahal. The future groom, a direct descendant of Alexander the Great, is a senior at Oxford, where he is majoring in Cashing Large Checks.

The nuptials will take place next May in the south-by-southwest wing of the family inclement weather castle, near Pffeffelfinger-am-Rhine, Bavaria.



The bride-to-be attended P.S. 215, P.S. 177, P.S. 14, P.S. 109, and Dora Schiffler's Mambo Studio.

The future groom, a direct descendant of bookmaker Snooky Schleck, is currently studying for his High School diploma at home. Which is one on him, since he never graduated from Public School!

The nuptials will take place on April 17th, at the Paradise Cha Cha Club off the Grand Concourse, providing the annual Mah Jongg Round Robin and "Go Fish" Card Party of the Classy Bronx Ladies Club is over in time.

Bowery Wedding for Miss Sadie Dooley and Blubber Knerd

Ferdie's Flop House, on Grand Street and the Bowery, was the setting at noon today for the marriage of Miss Sadie Dooley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. "Two Ton" Dooley, who reside in the doorway of 76 Houston Street, to Blubber Knerd. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Nappy Knerd, of Bench 3, 74th Street and Central Park West.

Mr. Dooley escorted his daughter, who was attired in a gown of off-brown Idaho Potato burlap, made with a square neckline, three-quarter length sleeves, and terminating in Thom McAn chukka boots. The bride carried a bouquet of fresh kohlrabi.

Miss Ducky Dooley, sister of the bride, was maid of honor and owing to her well-muscled physique, also served as best man.

The bride and groom, both of whom attended Barney's Billiard Academy, are planning to catch an empty freight car to Miami, where they will honeymoon.

The ceremony was performed by "Grape Eyes" Gremlin, a retired auto windshield wiper at the Canal Street stop light, and may not be legal.

The former Miss Goldie Zelch.

Miss Goldie Zelch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ninny Zelch, of Ninny's Carting and Haulage Co., 76 Hester Street, was married today to Goon Furd, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fatso Furd, the highly prominent West Side chicken pluckers.

The bride wore an off-white reconverted Lee Overalls ensemble and carried a bouquet of roses, marred only slightly by patches of crab grass. The groom wore a partially lengthened Bar Mitzvah suit, and carried his father, marred only slightly by the contents of the punch bowl.

After a one-week honeymoon in the home of the bride's parents, the couple will move in with the groom's parents, who will probably send them back to the bride's parents.

Following the honeymoon, the groom will resume his important position as first on line to sign for unemployment checks at the N.Y. State Employment Office, 176 Fordham Rd.

groom is the son of Rock Hocknock, stevedore on the fashionable West 48th St. docks.

Mr. Plettz, whose life's savings ran out while paying for his daughter's wedding, escorted the bride, who wore a gown of ivory satin terminating in a pair of Ked's sneakers. Since her father couldn't afford flowers, the bride carried an armful of multicolored Burpee seed packets.

After a brief honeymoon at Simon and Miriam Boshnick's Vegetarian Utopia House in South Fallsburgh, N. Y., the couple is planning to establish residence at the Ft. Dix guardhouse, where they will await the groom's court martial trial for being A.W.O.L. to attend his wedding.

The former Sophie Phoebe Plettz.

Yetta Scungilli is Bethrothed to Bruno "Baby Face" Slorp

Announcement has been made by Mr. and Mrs. Zippo Scungilli, grape pressers at the Blotto Winery, Modesto, California, of the engagement of their daughter, Yetta, to Bruno "Baby Face" Slorp, son of Mr. & Mrs. Bugs Slorp, of Sing Sing, and the Akron, Ohio, Female Detention Home.

Miss Scungilli was a student at the Sacramento Slenderella Studios and is currently doing graduate work at Vic Tanny's. She is also a member of Fatties Anonymous.

The prospective bridegroom is a direct descendant of Willie Sutton and attended the famous West 85th Street rumble last April.

The wedding will take place in the late spring, and following the couple's honeymoon in Apalachin, N.Y., the future bridegroom will continue with his position as technical advisor for the bad guys on "The Lineup" TV show.

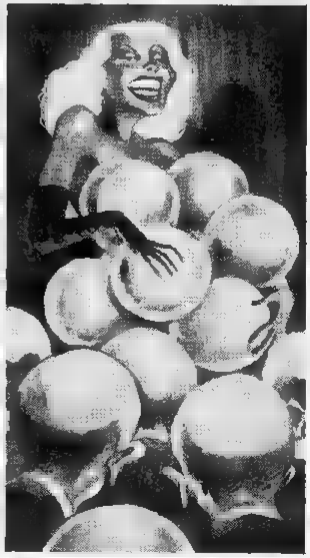
Wed to Red Getzoff

Miss BooBoo Adair, daughter of and star performer for Mr. and Mrs. Murray "Ironhead" Adair, owners of the Hotcha Burlesque Theatre, was married here today to Red Getzoff. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Getzoff, of the socially prominent Flatbush rag-picking clan.

The bridegroom studied with the New York City Department of Sanitation, where he majored in early morning Can-Clanging. He is currently Director of Under-Shirt Tearing for the Actor's Studio Wardrobe Department.

Miss Adair is a graduate of Minsky's, the Ziegfield Follies, the Follies Bergere, and is at present special editorial advisor with Playboy Magazine.

Mr. Adair escorted his daughter during the ceremony. The bride wore practically nothing.



The former Miss Booboo Adair.

DEVOTED THEIR SPACE TO THE SLOBS WHO CONSTITUTE 98% OF OUR POPULATION! TO SHOW YOU WHAT WE MEAN, HERE IS...

DEVOTING ALL THEIR SPACE TO THE SNOBS WHO CONSTITUTE 2% OF OUR POPULATION, THEY

MAD'S SOCIETY PAGE

Zelda Zyttzger wed in Bayonne, New Jersey, to Weight Guesser

Miss Zelda Zyttzger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Zyttzger, of Bayonne, N.J., was married this afternoon to Sparky Gahagan. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Oofie Gahagan, socially prominent Brooklyn old newspaper collectors.

There was a reception at the home of the bride's parents before the wedding, where Miss Zyttzger was introduced to Society. He was Ira Society, a cousin of the groom, and he acted as best man.

The bride is a graduate of the Bertha Kopfelman Elementary School, in Jersey City, where she was an inkwell monitor and schoolyard blackboard eraser clapper. She is currently attending the Max Kolodny candy store in Bayonne, where she studies song sheets.

The bridegroom is an alumnus of the Willie Pollack Meat Cutting Institute, President of the Ralston Straight-Shooters, and is currently a weight-guesser in fashionable Coney Island.

Following a brief honeymoon in Canarsie, the couple will take a bus to Flushing, where they will establish residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Sparky Gahagan, she is the former Zelda Zyttzger.

Fanny Gretch, Jersey Debutante is bride of Manhattan Pugilist

Miss Fanny Gretch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bronco Gretch, of Bronco's Sunoco Station and Clean Rest Rooms, Hoboken, N.J., was married this afternoon to "Boom-Boom" Blattner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rocky Blattner, of the noted Manhattan sidewalk pretzel salesman clan.

Mr. Gretch gave his daughter in marriage. She was attired in a gown of white taffeta, made with a bateau neckline, and wore what looked suspiciously like white-tinted G.I. combat boots.

Miss Gretch is a graduate of Maxine Litner's Private Kindergarten and attended televised Arithmetic classes in her living room last March, interrupting her course during the finals to switch channels to "Queen for a Day."

The groom is a graduate of Stillman's Gymnasium and is rated 178th of the country's 177 nationally ranked middleweight contenders.

After a brief honeymoon in Madison Square Garden, the bridegroom will resume his visits to Dr. Julius Stouffer, of 1401 Broadway, because he gets like a constant ringing in his ears.

Announce Birdie Hogan-Lefty Schleck Nuptials in Bronx

Mr. and Mrs. Gus "Roughouse" Hogan, of Hogan's Fish and Fruit Market, 130 Fulton Street, announce the coming nuptials of their daughter, Birdie, to Lefty Schleck, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ziggy Schleck, of Ziggy's Bar and Grill, 176 Mott Haven Blvd.

Goldie Zelch December Bride of Goon Furd

Sophie P. Plettz weds Private First Class Lefty Hocknock

In a reconverted hardware store near the South Side stockyards, Miss Sophie Phoebe Plettz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Yogi Plettz, of the East River junk barge "Sophie Belle," became the bride of Pfc. Lefty Hocknock, a permanent member of the K.P.

Stripper Booboo Adair

PULL THE PLUG DEPT.

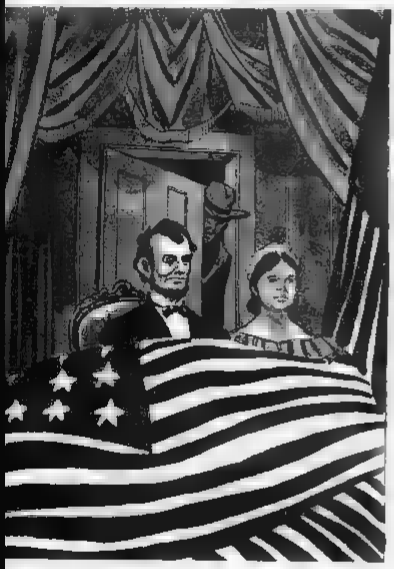
Another manufacturer boasts that his engine is in the *rear* . . . "where it belongs!"

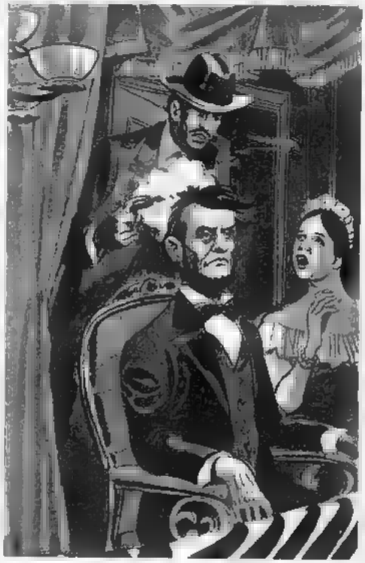
You know, Television sponsors can get pretty ridiculous at times. And we're not talking about their ads. We're talking about when it comes to references to their own or competitive products on TV shows they sponsor. F'rinstance, we understand that a recent Ford Motor Company spectacular planned to open with a shot of New York City's skyline, only it almost didn't come off. Not until The Chrysler Building had been carefully painted out. And we've been told that Camel Cigarettes never lets performers use the word "lucky" on shows they sponsor. And so on. All of which can lead to rather serious abuses. Like

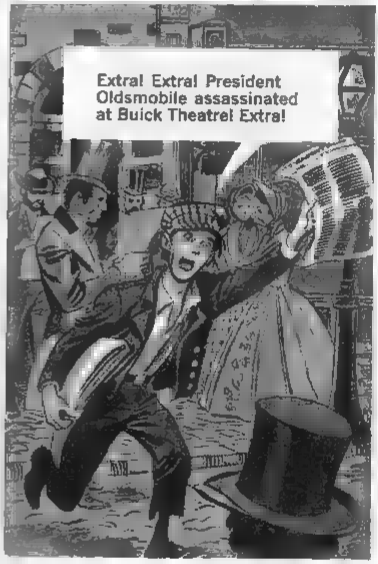
CHANGING HISTORY

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

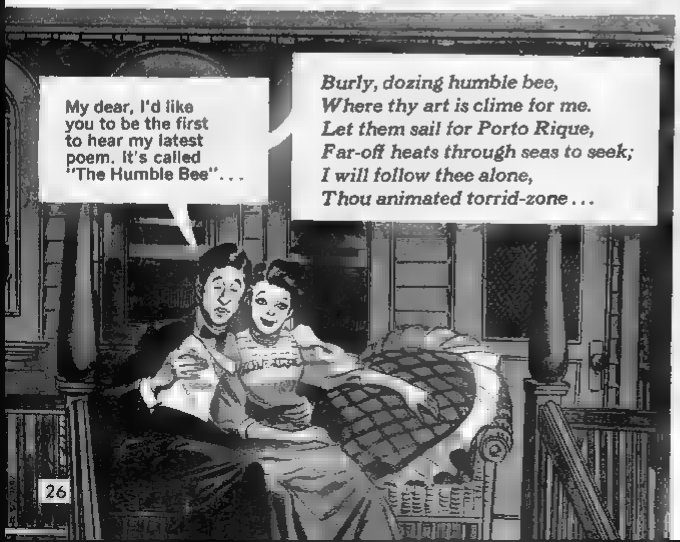
HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A LEADING AUTOMOBILE CORPORATION







HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A WELL-KNOWN TV SET MANUFACTURER

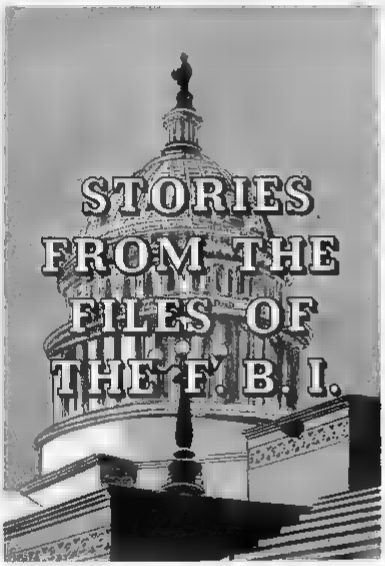


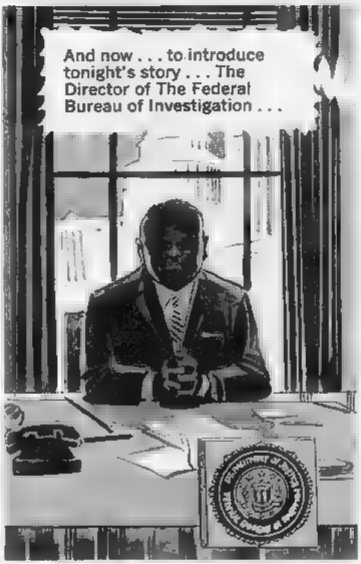
one just a few months ago: as a result of watching "The Nuremberg Trials" on "Playhouse 90," we were surprised to learn a startling new historical fact. Mainly, that the Nazi butchers never *did* slaughter millions of people in gas chambers. According to this TV show, they used just *plain* chambers. Seems the word "gas" had been erased from the sound track by The American Gas Companies, who were participating sponsors. We can imagine what historical TV shows of the future will be like as sponsors scramble to keep competitive names off their programs by cleverly substituting their own, and thereby actually . . .

FOR COMMERCIAL TV

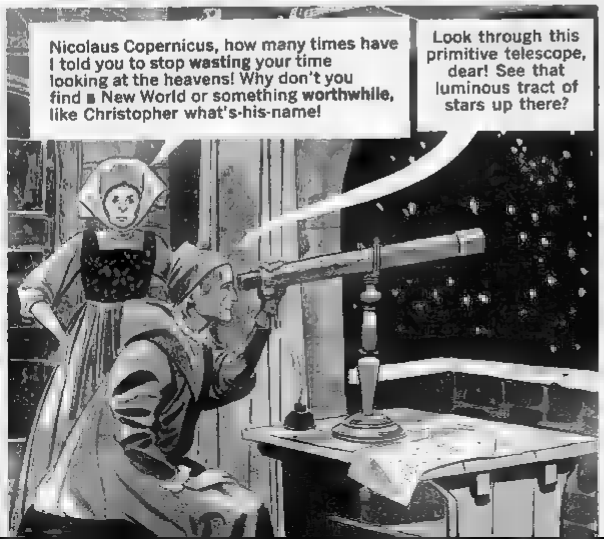
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A FAMOUS VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY

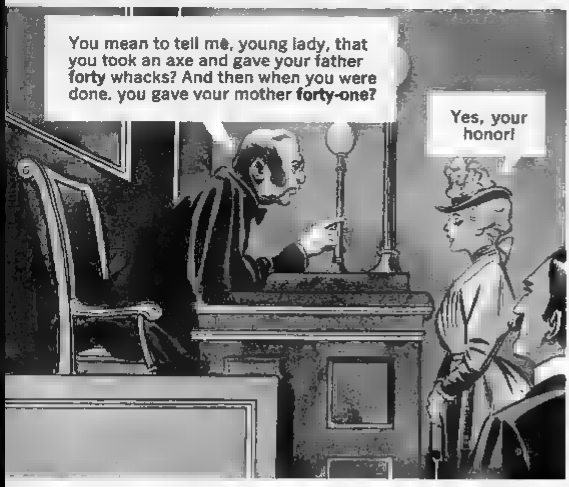




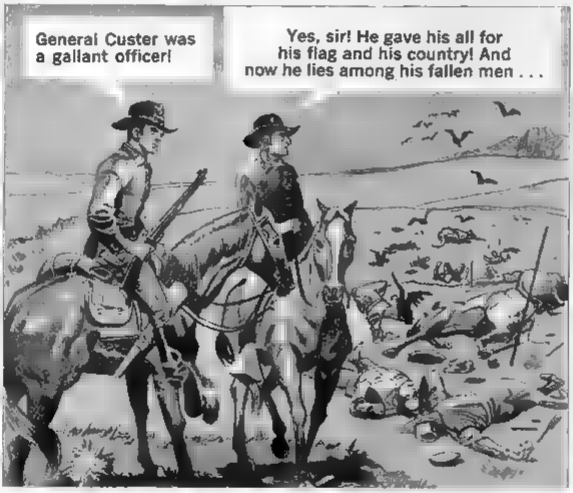
HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A NATIONALLY-KNOWN CANDY COMPANY



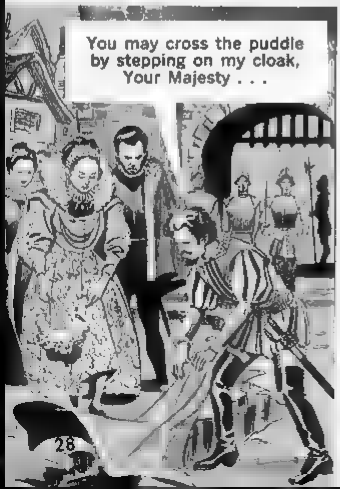
HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A LEADING DAIRY PRODUCTS COMPANY



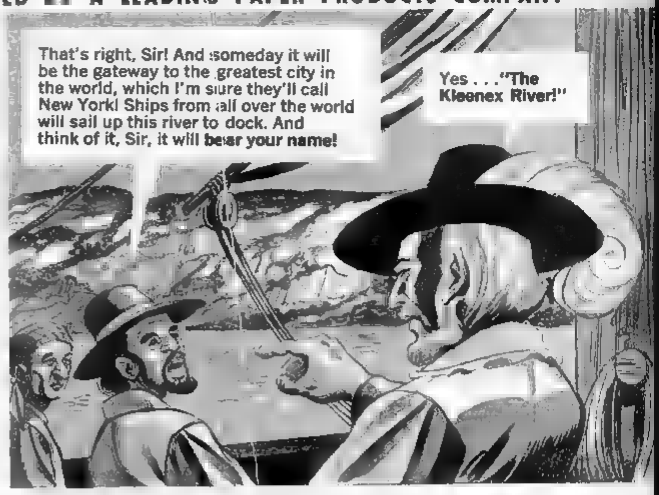
HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A LARGE MEN'S SHIRT MANUFACTURER



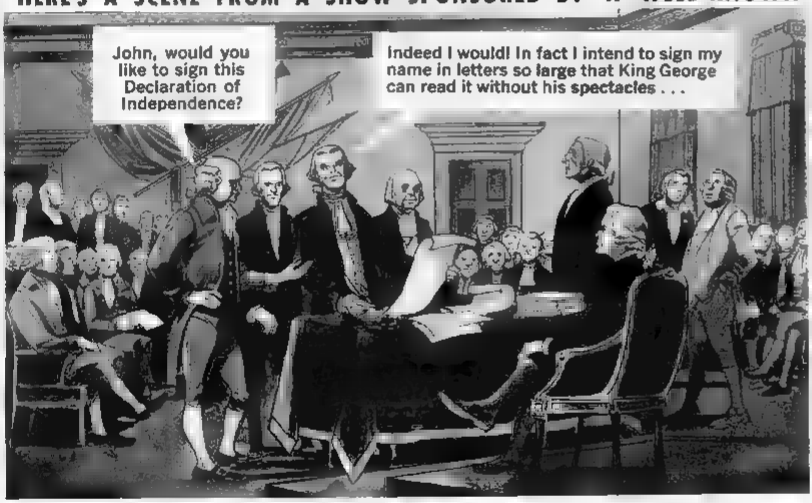
HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY ONE OF THE BIG TOBACCO COMPANIES

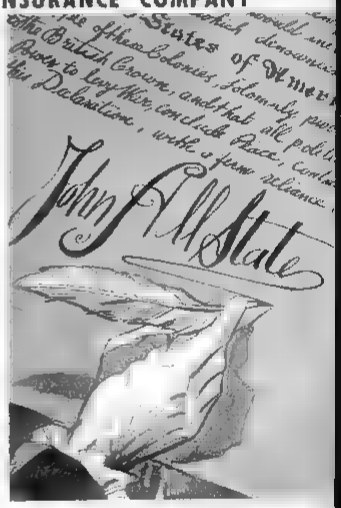


HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A LEADING PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY

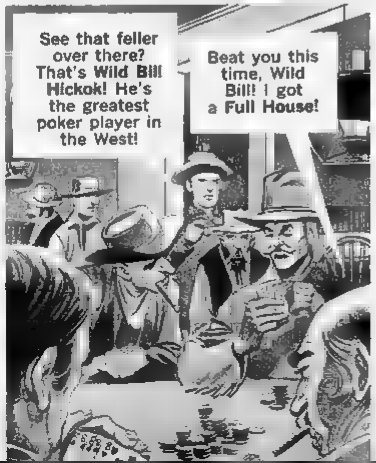


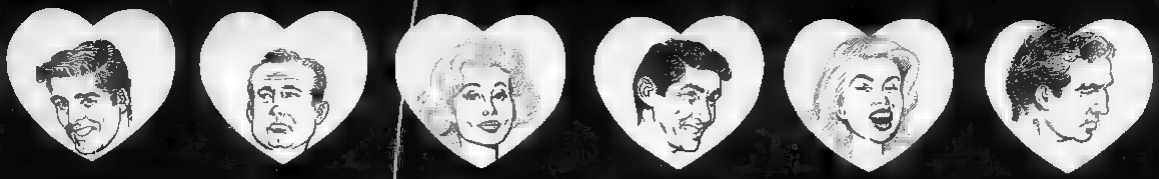
HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A WELL-KNOWN INSURANCE COMPANY





HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A NOTED TYPEWRITER MANUFACTURER

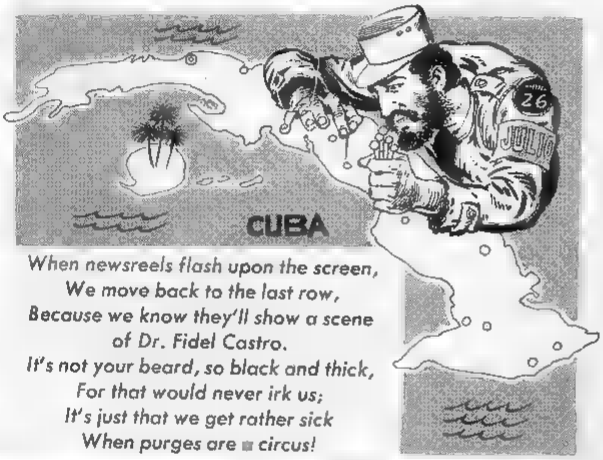




CHANGE OF HEART DEPT. Every year about this time, we all start planning to send Valentines to people we love, admire, and owe money to. Even we here at MAD had prepared a set of Valentines to send

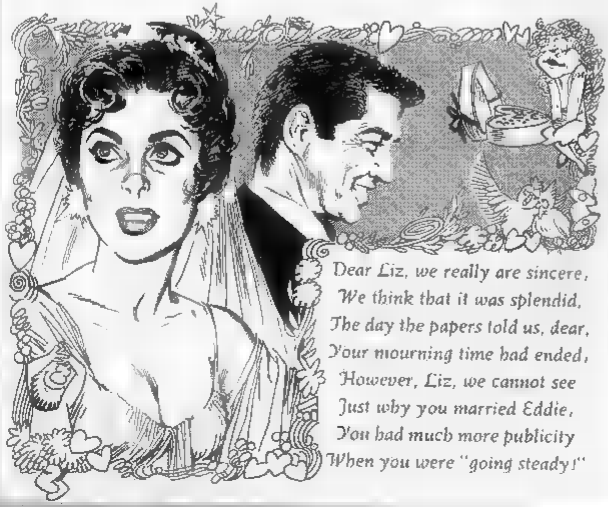
VALENTINES

TO A CUBAN REVOLUTIONARY



When newsreels flash upon the screen,
We move back to the last row,
Because we know they'll show a scene
of Dr. Fidel Castro.
It's not your beard, so black and thick,
For that would never irk us;
It's just that we get rather sick
When purges are a circus!

To A Woman Of The World



Dear Liz, we really are sincere,
We think that it was splendid,
The day the papers told us, dear,
Your mourning time had ended,
However, Liz, we cannot see
Just why you married Eddie,
You had much more publicity
When you were "going steady!"

To The Beat Generation

You Beatniks sit in grimy clothes
And rave for endless hours
About the things that you oppose
Like barbers, baths, and showers;
You do your best to ward off jobs;
You fight for each defeat;
You work so hard at being slobs,
No wonder you are beat!

out to people we love. However, during the past few months, we've had a change of heart. So instead of sending Valentines to people we love, this year we're sending these . . .

TO PEOPLE WE'VE FALLEN OUT OF LOVE WITH

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

To A Well-Publicized Governor

We'd rather see our favorite horse
Get beaten by a furlong,
Than have to state that we endorse
Louisiana's Earl Long;
It's not that we oppose your views
Or doubt the things you do, sir;
It's that we feel there's better news
To read about than you, sir!

TO AN EX-AMERICAN LEAGUE PENNANT WINNER

Although you were defeated, Yanks,
You shouldn't feel too blue;
Just think of all your bars and banks
And bowling alleys, too;
As businessmen, you guys are tops;
It really seems a shame
That you should have to leave your shops
Just for a lousy game!

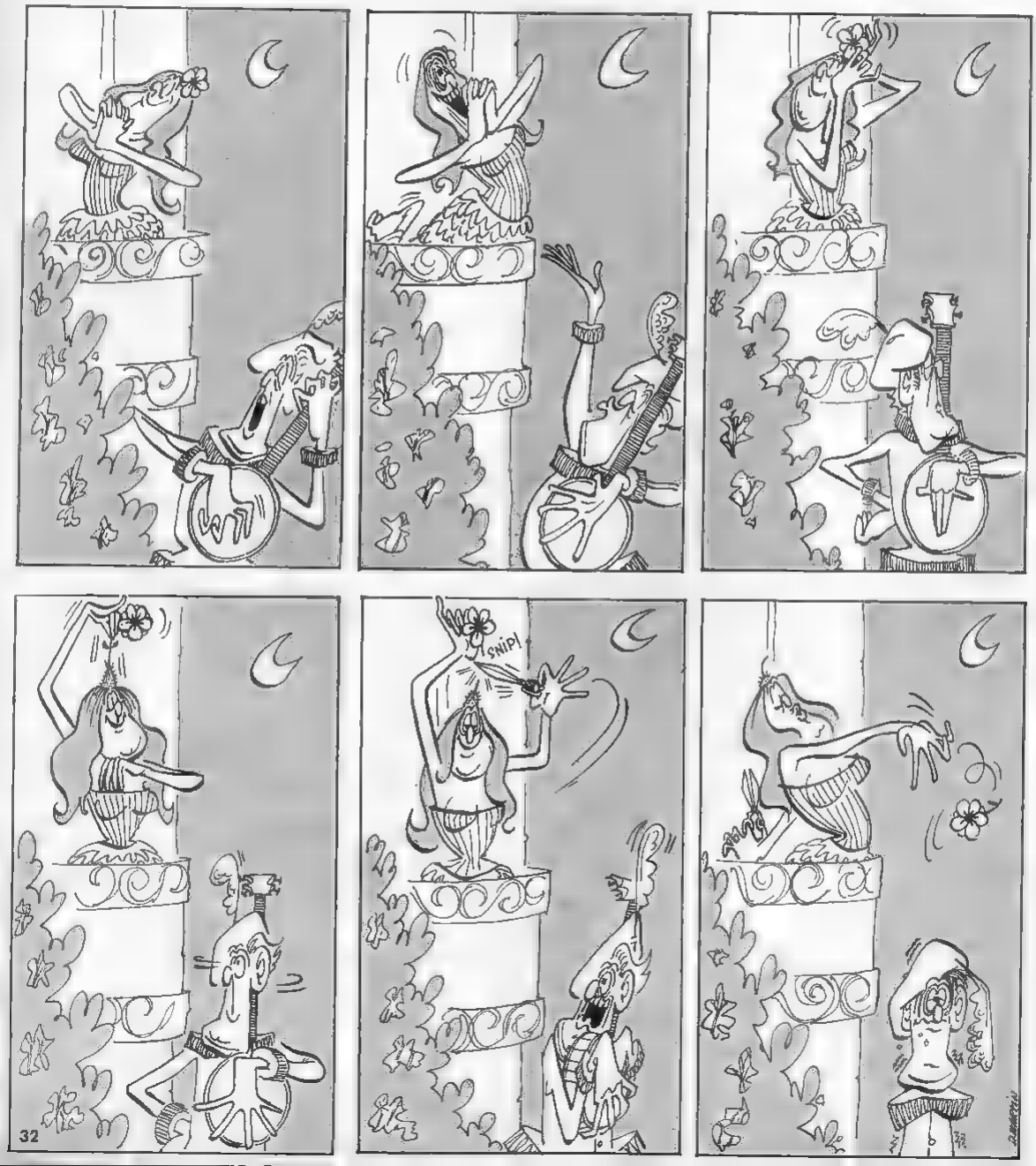
To A Famous-Name Quartet

Our year would be much brighter, boys,
Should ever special laws be
Enacted to end all the noise
About the brothers Crosby;
There's Lindsay, Gary, Dennis, er—
(Who is that other brother?);
It's always tough to tell for sure
One Crosby from another!

I figure it's really up to the individual to decide for *himself* where the engine should be!

And now, Mr. Martin shows us what happened when he took part in a

BALCONY SCENE



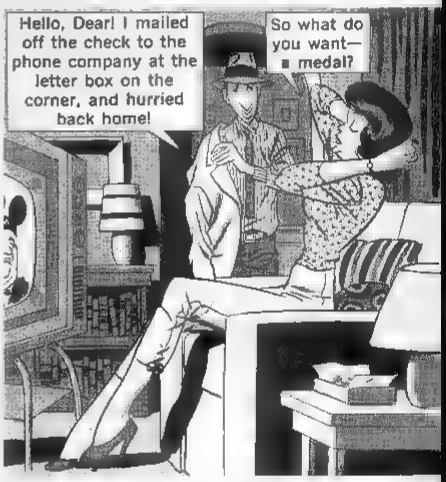
I mean, if you're gonna drive a Small Car, you gotta decide whether you want the engine to land in your *stomach* or on your spine when you meet up with one of those Big Cars!

MAD GOES TO AN ALFRED HATCHPLOT MOVIE

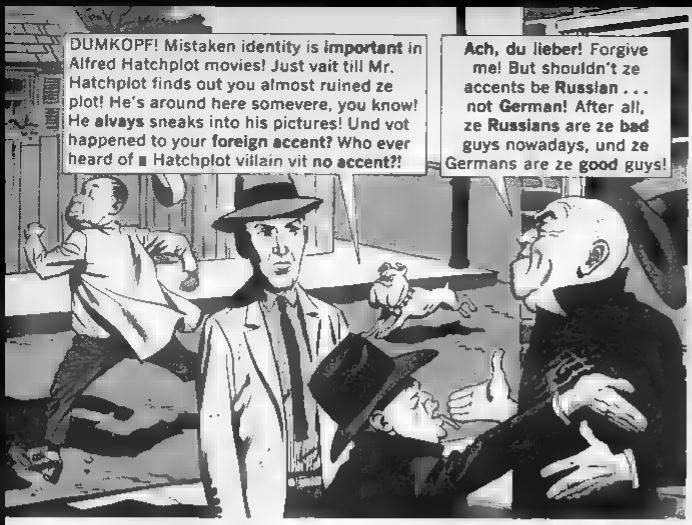
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

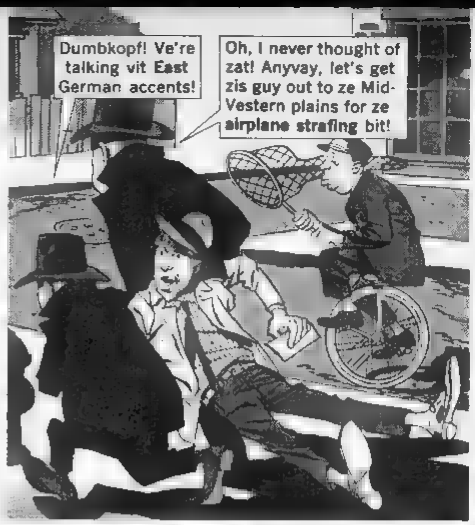
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

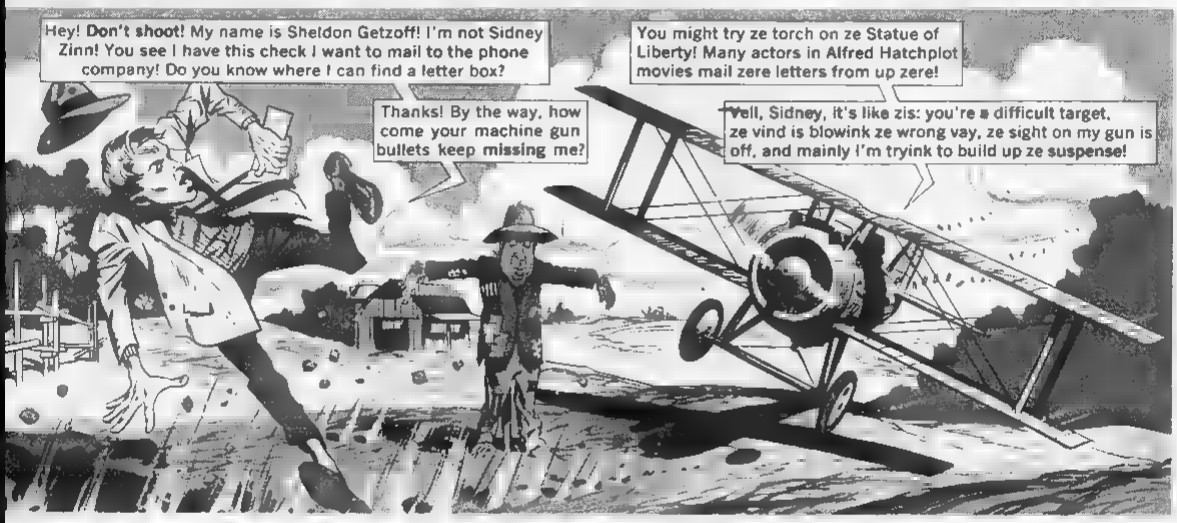
Did you ever wonder where Director Alfred Hatchplot gets the ideas for his exciting suspense movies? We got news for you: he takes them from plain ordinary everyday events! In fact, the plainer, the ordinary-er, the everyday-er the event, the more exciting and suspenseful the picture! F'rinstance, take the dullest everyday event you can possibly imagine. Namely, an average clod mailing a letter:

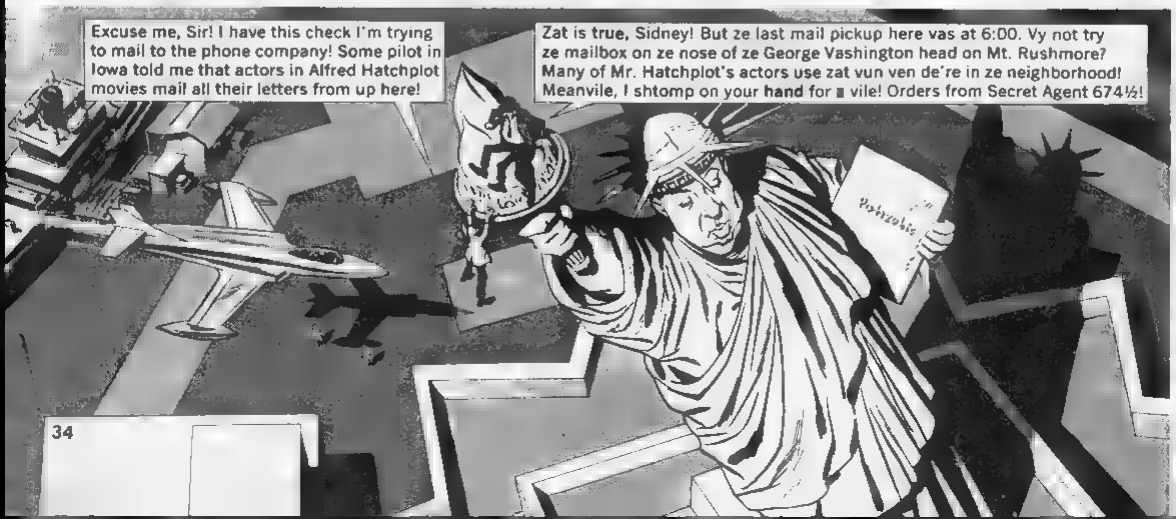


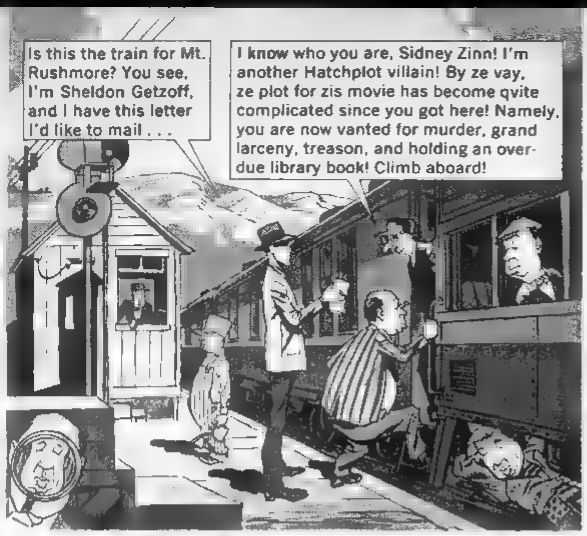
Pretty dull, eh? Pretty sickening, wasn't it! Wait! Here's what happens to the very same everyday event when Alfred Hatchplot gets ahold of it!

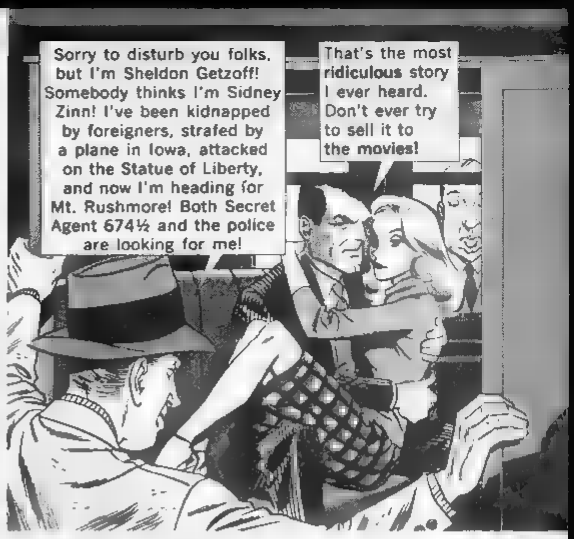

DUMKOPF! Mistaken identity is important in Alfred Hatchplot movies! Just vait till Mr. Hatchplot finds out you almost ruined ze plot! He's around here somevere, you know! He always sneaks into his pictures! Und vot happened to your foreign accent? Who ever heard of a Hatchplot villain vit no accent?!
Ach, du lieber! Forgive me! But shouldn't ze accents be Russian . . . not German! After all, ze Russians are ze bad guys nowadays, und ze Germans are ze good guys!

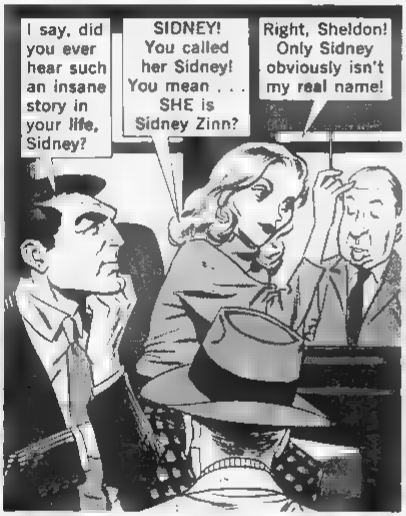

Dumbkopf! Ve're talking vit East German accents!
Oh, I never thought of zat! Anyvay, let's get zis guy out to ze Mid-Vestern plains for ze airplane strafing bit!

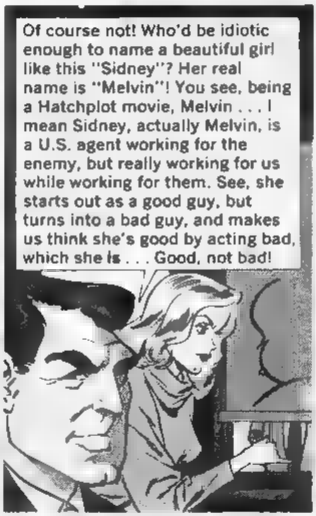

Hey! Don't shoot! My name is Sheldon Getzoff! I'm not Sidney Zinn! You see I have this check I want to mail to the phone company! Do you know where I can find a letter box?
You might try ze torch on ze Statue of Liberty! Many actors in Alfred Hatchplot movies mail zere letters from up zere!
Thanks! By the way, how come your machine gun bullets keep missing me?
Vell, Sidney, it's like zis: you're a difficult target, ze vind is blowink ze wrong vay, ze sight on my gun is off, and mainly I'm tryink to build up ze suspense!

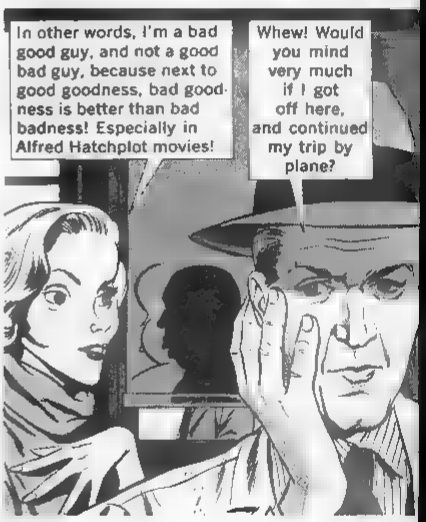

Excuse me, Sir! I have this check I'm trying to mail to the phone company! Some pilot in Iowa told me that actors in Alfred Hatchplot movies mail all their letters from up here!
Zat is true, Sidney! But ze last mail pickup here vas at 6:00. Vy not try ze mailbox on ze nose of ze George Vashington head on Mt. Rushmore? Many of Mr. Hatchplot's actors use zat vun ven de're in ze neighborhood! Meanvile, I shtomp on your hand for a vile! Orders from Secret Agent 674½!


Is this the train for Mt. Rushmore? You see, I'm Sheldon Getzoff, and I have this letter I'd like to mail . . .
I know who you are, Sidney Zinn! I'm another Hatchplot villain! By ze way, ze plot for zis movie has become qvite complicated since you got here! Namely, you are now vanted for murder, grand larceny, treason, and holding an overdue library book! Climb aboard!

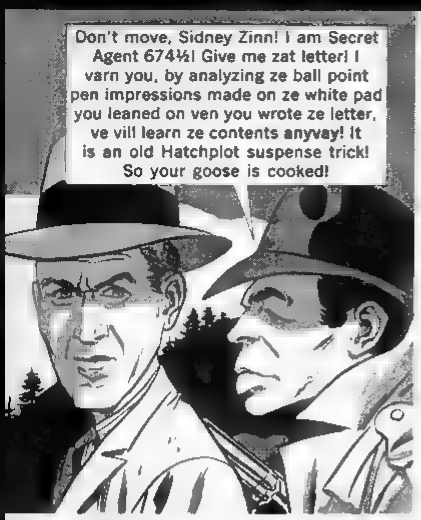

Sorry to disturb you folks, but I'm Sheldon Getzoff! Somebody thinks I'm Sidney Zinn! I've been kidnapped by foreigners, strafed by a plane in Iowa, attacked on the Statue of Liberty, and now I'm heading for Mt. Rushmore! Both Secret Agent 674½ and the police are looking for me!
That's the most ridiculous story I ever heard. Don't ever try to sell it to the movies!


I say, did you ever hear such an insane story in your life, Sidney?
SIDNEY! You called her Sidney! You mean . . . SHE is Sidney Zinn?
Right, Sheldon! Only Sidney obviously isn't my real name!

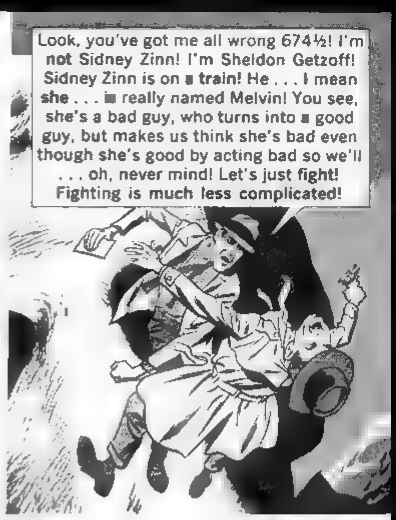

Of course not! Who'd be idiotic enough to name a beautiful girl like this "Sidney"? Her real name is "Melvin"! You see, being a Hatchplot movie, Melvin . . . I mean Sidney, actually Melvin, is a U.S. agent working for the enemy, but really working for us while working for them. See, she starts out as a good guy, but turns into a bad guy, and makes us think she's good by acting bad, which she is . . . Good, not bad!


In other words, I'm a bad good guy, and not a good bad guy, because next to good goodness, bad goodness is better than bad badness! Especially in Alfred Hatchplot movies!
Whew! Would you mind very much if I got off here, and continued my trip by plane?

Well, here I am, right on the nose! But I don't see any mail box!


Don't move, Sidney Zinn! I am Secret Agent 674½! Give me zat letter! I varn you, by analyzing ze ball point pen impressions made on ze white pad you leaned on ven you wrote ze letter, ve vill learn ze contents anyway! It is an old Hatchplot suspense trick! So your goose is cooked!

But why go to so much trouble! I'll tell you what's in the letter! It's a check for $5.62 for the phone com . . .
NO! NO! DON'T TELL ME! YOU VILL RUIN ZE SUSPENSE! OOH! I COULD SMASH YOU FOR ZAT! NOW . . . GIFF ME ZE LETTER!


Look, you've got me all wrong 674½! I'm not Sidney Zinn! I'm Sheldon Getzoff! Sidney Zinn is on a train! He . . . I mean she . . . a really named Melvin! You see, she's a bad guy, who turns into a good guy, but makes us think she's bad even though she's good by acting bad so we'll . . . oh, never mind! Let's just fight! Fighting is much less complicated!

You want me to mail this letter for you, Buddy?
Would you, please! This whole thing is getting ridiculous!

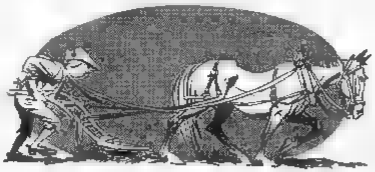
Sheldon Getzoff! Where've you been? Do you realize that you have been gone for seven years?
Well, I finally got to mail off the check to the phone company from George Washington's nose! And then I fell off and broke my back, and I was in a hospital for two years! After that, I had amnesia for three years, and enlarged pores for another two! But I'm okay now! So what's new?

Two things! First of all . . . that letter you mailed came back a long time ago with 3¢ postage due! Seems you sent it "Air Mail" with a regular 4¢ stamp . . .
And second . . . Gee, Sheldon, I don't know how to say this, but you see . . . that is . . . after seven years . . . I had you declared legally dead and I remarried!

You WHAT?!
Sheldon, I'd like you to meet my new husband, and our children!
Goot Eev-ning!

MORE POWER TO YOU DEPT.

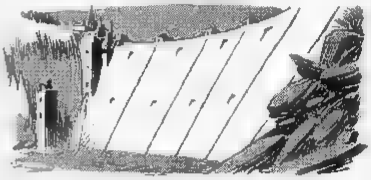
In the old days, Man's chief source of power was **THE HORSE.**



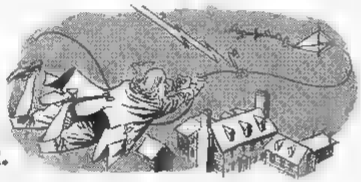
. . . but today, the horse is only used for Man's cultural activities!

Then came **WATER POWER** to irrigate Man's fields and farms.

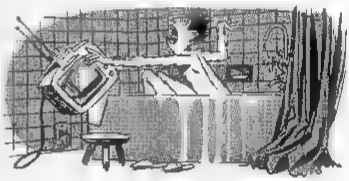
. . . but today, in spite of its great value, water power is very expensive!



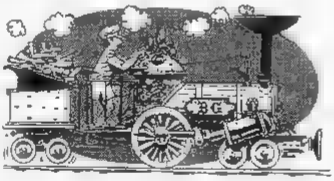
The discovery of electricity led the way to development of **ELECTRIC POWER.**



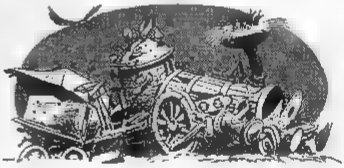
. . . but this great source of energy sometimes proves to be a dangerous one!



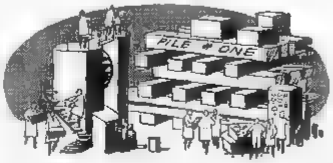
Later, in the 19th century, **STEAM POWER** came into important use.



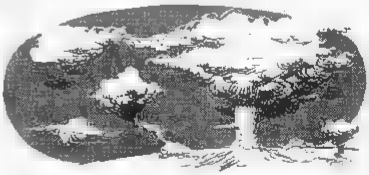
. . . but in our modern world of speed, steam has become almost totally obsolete!



Finally, came **ATOMIC ENERGY,** which gave Man a promise of a bright future.



. . . but if we keep fooling around with it, there's liable to be **no** future!



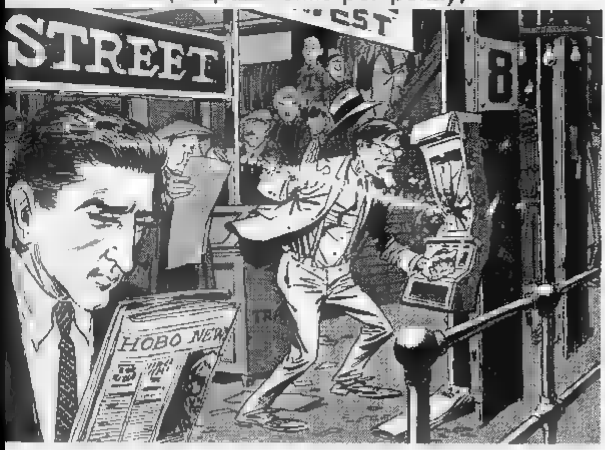
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: SY REIT

As any fool can plainly see (judging by the fools on this magazine!), what Mankind needs are some new sources of power . . . energy that's CHEAP and SAFE! So we've come up with the following great new . . .

MODERN SOURCES OF UNTAPPED ENERGY

VALUABLE ENERGY UNITS CAN [redacted] HARNESSED

PENNY GUM MACHINE SLAMMING
(18 palm units per penny)



HI-FI SET KNOB ADJUSTING
(82 wrist units per record)

LATE COMMUTER TRAIN CHASING
(234 leg units per year)

MISSED COMMUTER TRAIN CURSING
(3,612 larynx units per year)

LATE DATE WRESTLING
(In car: 22 torso units)
(On couch: 45 torso units)

HUSBAND AND WIFE BICKERING
(About money: 113 tongue units)
(About Mother-in-Law: 2117 tongue units)

FROM MODERN EVERYDAY ACTIVITIES LIKE . . .

Like, can't you see a new owner of one of those Small Cars visiting his local supermarket . . .

CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE GAVEL RAPPING
(27 arm units per fifth amendment)

CHA-CHA BACKSIDE WIGGLING
(1,122 rump units per dance)

CIGARETTE COUGHING AND HACKING
(27 lung units per morning)

BOWLING ALLEY BODY ENGLISH
(14 hip units per frame)

LAS VEGAS SLOT MACHINE YANKING
(142 elbow units per bankroll)

MAD MAGAZINE PAGE TURNING
(5,000,000 finger units — no brain units)

And now, MAD turns its attentions to the sport that gives both novice and expert the opportunity of spending weekends away from cares and worries, enjoying the fun and exhilaration of gliding swiftly over clean white snow beneath a bright winter sun . . . usually followed by spending several more weeks away from cares and worries, enjoying the pain and frustration of lying stiffly over clean white sheets beneath a bright hospital ceiling, namely

SKIING

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER DAVID BERG

BASIC EQUIPMENT NEEDED BEFORE YOU CAN GO SKIING . . .

(1) Ski Suit, **(2)** Ski Shoes, **(3)** Ski Hat, **(4)** Ski Goggles, **(5)** Ski Poles, **(6)** the two long wooden things called Skis

. . . AND AFTER

. . . the two long wooden things called "Crutches."

Beginners quickly discover that the hardest thing about Skiing is the ground . . . when you come right down to it.

But the beginner needn't worry about losing enthusiasm for the sport . . . because nothing really spoils on ice.

Here we see what appears to be a thrilling picture of a graceful skier making a record-breaking jump. Actually, the picture is upside down, and it's a beginning skier in the midst of making a neck-breaking fall on his face.

Modern conveniences eliminate the long tedious climb to the top of ski runs. Today, we have fast-moving ski lifts.

Having reached the top of the ski run, the beginner observes the magnificent snow scene panorama below him. Also, he observes how steep, slippery, and far down to the bottom it looks from there.

But the beginner needn't worry! The descent down the slope is swift, easy and safe . . . if he takes the ski lift!

. . . and piling the bundles into the back . . . right on top of the cooling fan? *What a mess!*

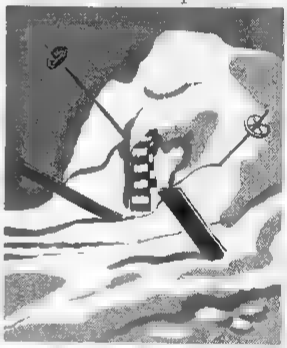
MAD'S TIPS

REVERSING DIRECTION WHILE ON SKIS — THE KICK TURN

To reverse direction while on skis, you use the "kick turn." Place skis parallel and turn body sideways to the right. Next, kick out and up with right foot and bring ski down so feet are crossed. Now bring left ski around and over and . . . by now you will have reversed direction . . . from standing up to standing on your head.

STOPPING YOURSELF WHILE ON SKIS — THE "SNOW PLOW"

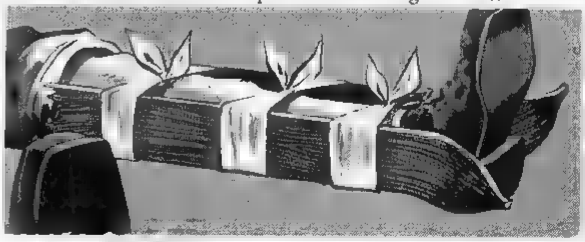
In order to stop while on skis, the beginner must use the "Snow Plow" method. By spreading your legs, you'll form a miniature snow plow with the tips of your skis. Then you can stop . . . if you find some snow to plow into.



NEW USES

Skis make excellent poles for use in emergency stretchers.

Skis make fine First Aid splints for treating fractures.



Skis make dandy markers to help locate and direct skiers.

Skis make good tokens of appreciation for ski instructors.

ON SKIING

Mashed potatoes . . . diced onions . . . sliced baloney . . . and mainly *no hands!*

HILL-CLIMBING WHILE ON SKIS — SEVERAL EASY METHODS

Hill-climbing with skis can be a problem. One method is

THE SIDE-STEP

Another sure method used in hill climbing with skis is

THE HALF SIDE-STEP

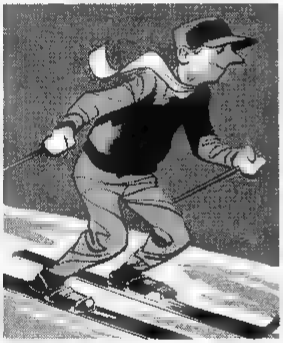
A third method of climbing hills while wearing skis is

THE HERRING BONE

The fourth method shown below is for coming back down a hill, which is no problem.

CORRECT POSITIONS WHILE SKIING — THE CROUCHES

THE SLIGHT CROUCH
. . . for going at slow speeds.



THE MEDIUM CROUCH
for going at average speeds.

THE LOW CROUCH
. . . for going at high speeds.

THE PAINFUL CROUCH
for going home after skiing.

FOR SKIS

But, whether we like it or not, Detroit and Madison Avenue are gonna push these new Small Cars!

But best of all, skis can be burned in a fireplace while you're cuddling in front of it with a girl. Incidentally, the proper pronunciation of this exhilarating sport is: SHE-ING! And believe us, it's got skiing beat by a mile!

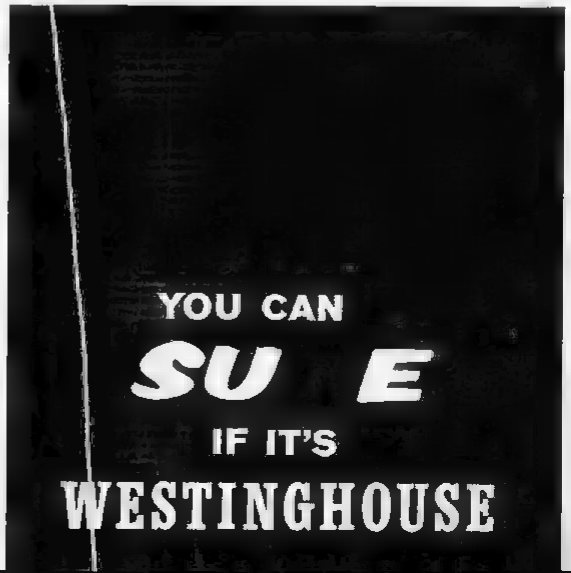
Pretty soon, that's all you'll be seeing on the road! Small American Cars!

LIGHT SWITCH DEPT.

When Ben Franklin began fooling around with his kite, trying to discover electricity, we're sure he had much more worthwhile things in mind for Mankind, than its evenutal use in the "spectacular" type of outdoor electric sign. But, thank goodness for Mankind, there's a kind of poetic justice in every abuse of

HAZARDS OF ILLU

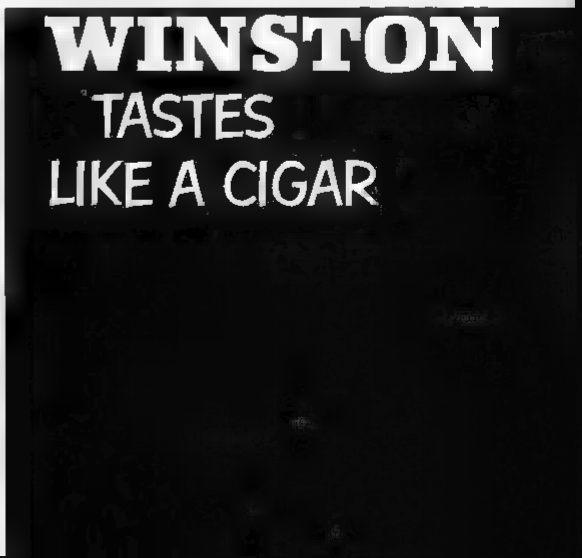
ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO



a good thing. And these fancy night time advertising displays are no exception. Because, although they can be garish and annoying, they can also be a million laughs . . . mainly when some of their bulbs and tubing burn out. Here, f'rinstance, are some examples of electrical boo-boos that point up a few of the

MINATED SIGNS

WRITER: SY REIT



Know the real joy of
GOOD LIVING...
Move up to QUALITY...
Move up to SCHLITZ

Know the real joy of
LIVING...
LIT
Move up to SCHLITZ

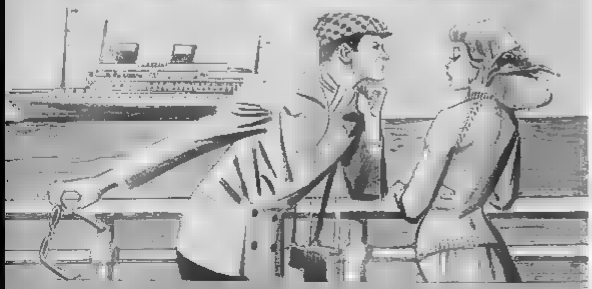
Chock Full O' Nuts

THE HEAVENLY COFFEE!

Chock Full O' Nuts

THE HEAVE COFFEE!

CUNARD LINES



GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN!

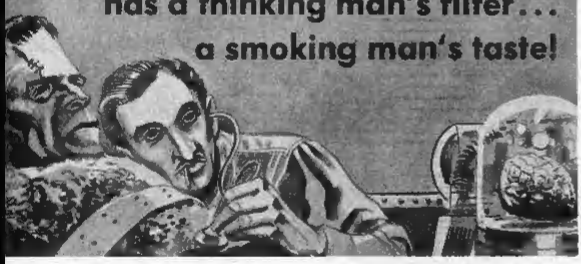
CUNARD LINES

GETTING HER IS HALF THE FUN!

LISTERINE
STOPS
BAD BREATH
FOUR TIMES BETTER
THAN
TOOTHPASTE

LISTERINE
TOPS
BAD BREATH
U S E
TOOTHPASTE

THE MAN WHO THINKS
FOR HIMSELF KNOWS...
ONLY VICEROY
has a thinking man's filter...
a smoking man's taste!



THE MAN WHO THINKS
FOR HIMSELF KNOWS...
ONLY VICEROY
has
no taste!

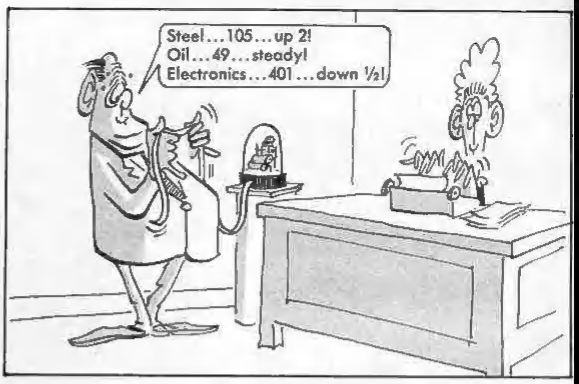
MAD
MAGAZINE
THE
SELECT CHOICE

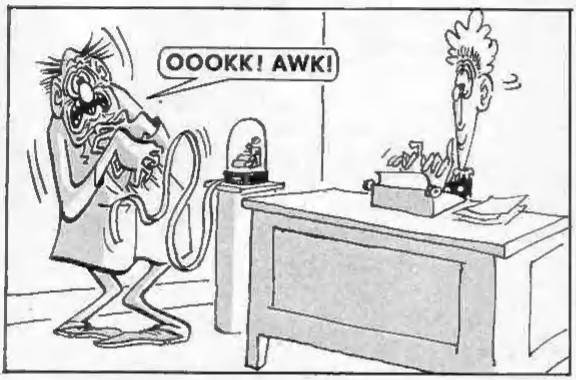
MAD
MAGAZINE
EC CH

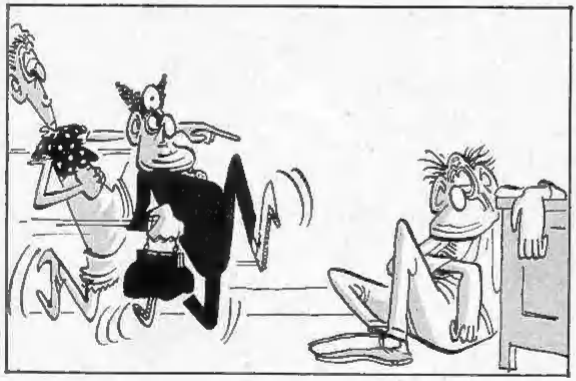
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

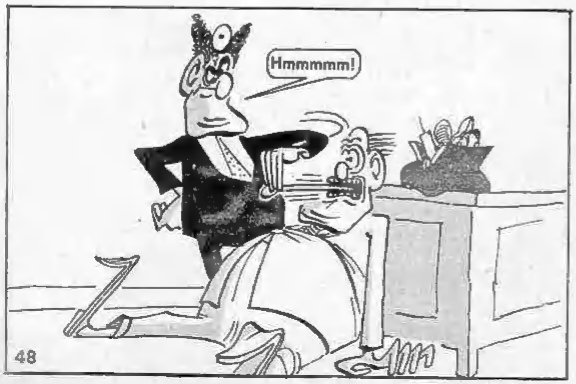
For his parting shot, Don Martin, who's been making a fortune in stocks lately (selling worthless ones), tells us about the time he visited one of those tycoons

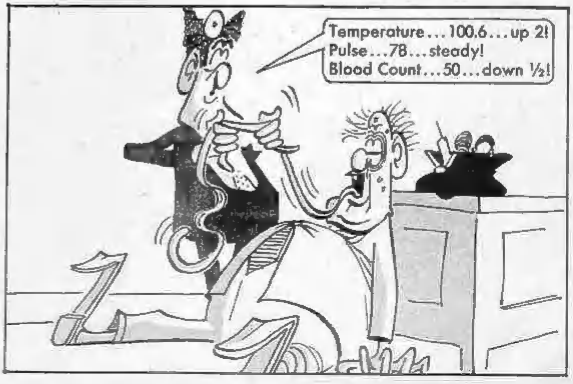
DOWN ON WALL STREET











Now...

THE CHISELERS AT MAD PRESENT

A REAL BUST!

A LIFE-LIKE, 3 DIMENSIONAL BISQUE CHINA REPLICA OF

MAD'S ALFRED E. NEUMAN

This delightful chalk-white, bisque china bust of Alfred E. Neuman, our "What—Me Worry?" kid, will add a **"MAD"** note to your home, mainly that note of hysteria when your friends see it. Here is an attractive decoration for your desk, mantel, book shelf, or garbage pail. Use it as a centerpiece for your tropical fish tank . . . or a place to park wads of chewing gum . . . or as a conversation piece to end all conversation. If you're looking for a collector's item, here is an item that will really collect . . . dust! Comes in two sizes: **5½"** (too large), and **3¾"** (too small)! Act today! Brighten up your home!

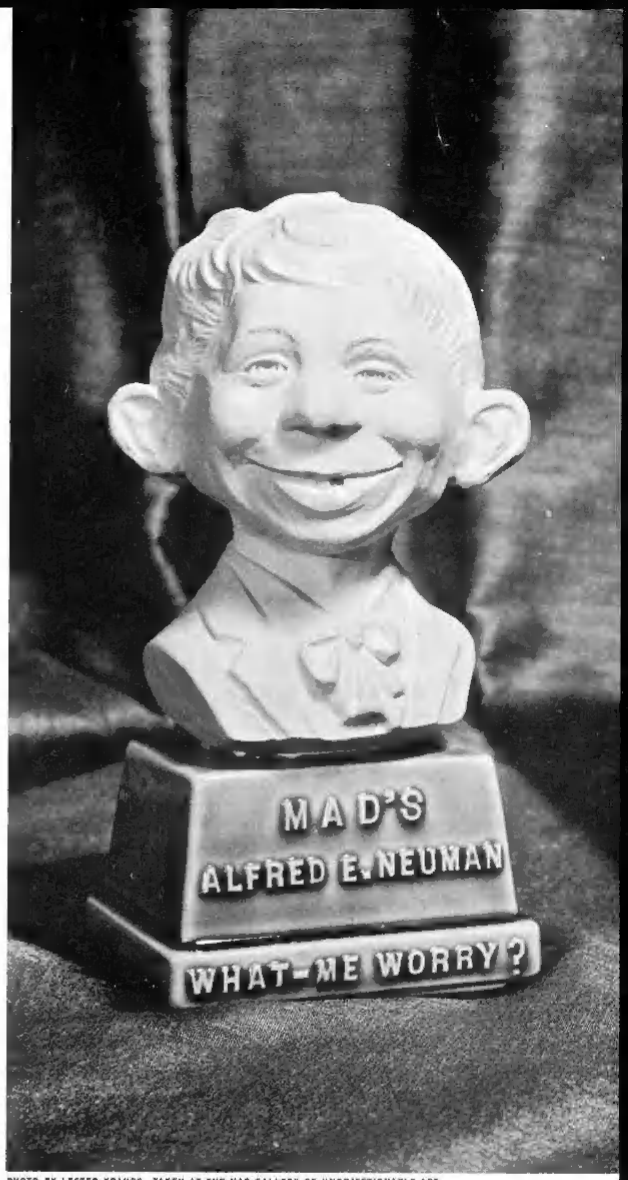


PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS, TAKEN AT THE MAD GALLERY OF UNOBJECTIONABLE ART

use coupon or duplicate

MAD BUST
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, NEW YORK

Please rush my bust(s) of Alfred E. Neuman. I have decided to brighten up my home. Mainly, I'm packing my bags and I'm leaving before my order arrives!

I ENCLOSE $_____FOR:

☐ 5½" Bust(s) at $2.00 each
☐ 3¾" Bust(s) at $1.00 each

INDICATE AMOUNT AND NUMBER OF BUSTS

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

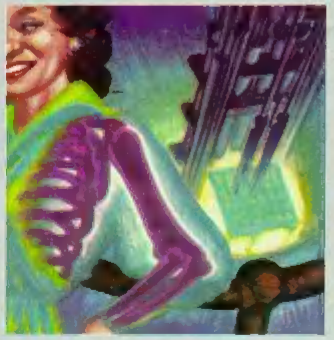
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE ____

"On our trip across the U.S.A. I posed Mama against interesting backgrounds like this, and got 11-by-14 blowups for detailed study!"

Nikita Khrushchev says: "It was easy as borscht taking Kossacolor pictures like these!"

Russia's Beloved Premier uses Kossacolor Film . . . and shows the NKVD boys how easy it is to take pictures of interest!

"It's natural for a tourist to carry a camera," chuckles Premier Nikita Khrushchev, "which made it *easy* for me to take wonderful pictures during my tour of the United States. And Kossacolor Film insured clear, sharp backgrounds for close scrutiny by our Intelligence Service. Yes, sir, Kossacolor made my trip to America *profitable!*"



"Here's Rada, my daughter, standing beside a secret atomic pile. Kossacolor gave me the picture. The pile gave Rada blood-poisoning!"

"I shot Alexei, my son-in-law, looking over Admiral Rickover's shoulder. I shot him again when we got home for covering the blueprints!"

"This is Julia, my other daughter. She moved when I took this picture, but the Radar Installation didn't!"

See Kossak's "What's My Party Line?" and "I've Got The Secrets"

EASTZONE KOSSAK COMPANY, Moscow 4, U. S. S. R.

Kossak
Trade Mark